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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE result of the German elections is, of course, the natural outcome of Allied policy, particularly French policy, in the past eighteen months. The weakening of the moderate centre parties to the advantage of both extreme wings has long been predicted in these columns. It is probable, indeed, that the extremists would have been still more successful if the Dawes Report had not shed a ray of hope in Germany. The polls have produced what is generally described, perhaps with undue pessimism, as a deadlock. The Nationalists, if with them are reckoned the handful of Land Union members, are the largest party in the new Reichstag, and, with the Communists successful on the other wing, the choice seems to be between a Government embracing all parties to the Right of the Social Democrats (who hold almost as many seats as the Nationalists and Land Unionists combined) and a perpetuation of the old coalition embracing the German People's Party, the Centre, the Democrats, and the Social Democrats. The latter is the more probable, and such a coalition would have a modest majority in the Reichstag, but it could not carry the amendments to the constitution necessitated by the adoption of the Dawes Report without Nationalist support, for such changes require a two-thirds majority.

Though the position is disquieting, the fact that the coming fight will range round the Dawes Report has its hopeful aspect. There are many features in the report which every German, and particularly every Nationalist, must cordially dislike. But moderate Germans, represented by the Marx-Stresemann school, have accepted the report *in toto*, and it is hard to believe that even the Nationalists, when it comes to a straight vote, will take the responsibility of rejecting it. It is one thing to pit Germany against France, it is another—even for a Ludendorff or a Westarp—to pit her against the world, and that is what rejection of the Dawes Report would inevitably mean. Election declarations on Reparations have to be taken at something less than their face value, even in countries further west than Germany, and deputies once elected are usually less irresponsible than the voters who gave them their power. The danger is more that the Nationalists will try to

tinker with the report than that they will deliberately vote against it if the issue can be presented direct by the Government. Meanwhile what has happened in Germany will almost inevitably react badly on the French elections. M. Herriot and his followers of the Bloc des Gauches will be handicapped in their challenge to the Bloc National, and M. Poincaré seems certain to secure a new lease of power.

Sir James Craig has announced the refusal of the Ulster Government to appoint a representative on the Boundary Commission, which the Government has decided to set up in conformity with the Irish Treaty. There is room for considerable doubt as to the precise procedure which should now be followed. Can the Commission function legally without the Ulster representative? If not, would a representative nominated by the Governor be a representative appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland within the meaning of the Act? Or must a further Act be passed, either authorizing the Chairman and the Free State representative to act alone, or providing for the appointment of an alternative member? These are questions of considerable legal nicety, which it must rest primarily with the Law Officers to determine. But on the essential issue there is room for no doubt at all. We must fulfil our obligation, and set up the Commission, however constituted, to revise the Ulster boundary in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty. It was entirely right to make every effort to reach an agreed settlement, before proceeding with this course. But now that these efforts have broken down, we can honourably delay no longer.

We regret that the "Times," in its laudable desire to do justice to the Ulster point of view, should have cast doubts on the binding nature of our obligation, arguing sophistically that the provision for an Ulster representative made the promise of the Commission conditional on her consent. Such an interpretation is utterly at variance with the manifest intention of the Treaty. Nor can we escape from our duty by accepting the Ulster plea that the Government of Ireland Act of 1920 constituted an equally binding and prior obligation towards her.

On this point the letter of Lord Justice O'Connor in the "Times" of May 2nd is conclusive. The Act of 1920 had neither the form nor the significance of a treaty. It was simply an Act of Parliament, subject, like any other, to subsequent amendment, and expressly reserving the full sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament. On the other hand, our agreement with the Free State was couched in the form of a treaty, and was designed to represent a solemn compact between the two countries. Ulster may have reason to complain that we should have signed this treaty without consulting her. The fact remains that we did sign it, and subsequently ratified it; and the only possible course for us to pursue to-day is to execute it.

On Monday Mr. E. D. Simon's Prevention of Evictions Bill, which was taken up by the Government when its own measure was defeated, passed the Report stage and received a third reading. In Committee the Bill was altered by the Government with the assistance of the Conservatives. The changes were, in the main, verbal, but in one respect the Bill was made less favourable to tenants, for words intended to prevent persons who buy houses over the heads of sitting tenants in the future from obtaining possession of them for their own use on the "greater hardship" plea were left out, and all landlords, new and old, were put on the same footing. On the Report stage Mr. Simon raised the point again, and the Government, to the annoyance of its erstwhile allies on the Conservative benches, consented to reamend the Bill in this particular in its original sense. It is difficult to explain the line taken by the Government in Committee except on the assumption that it was unduly irritated at being compelled to fall back on a Liberal Bill, and that it therefore proceeded to make alterations merely for the sake of making them. The episode, though not in itself of the first importance, indicates how easily a real community of purpose between the Liberal and Labour Parties can be overlaid with partizanship. It is also another instance of the rule that Labour is not most true to itself on the occasions when it drifts into a temporary alliance with Conservatism.

The result of the building operatives' ballot is ominous both for the continuation of work now in progress and for the success of any extended housing scheme. By a majority of eight to one the operatives have rejected the employers' offer of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. an hour increase, and by three to one they have declared for a strike unless further concessions are made to meet their demand for an increase of 2d. There is, however, a three-to-one majority for further negotiations before such strike action is enforced. This breathing-space is welcome, but it would be rash to put much faith in the opportunity it affords. The operatives' negotiating committee have recorded their belief that the employers' offer of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. is final, and since the offer was made its value in terms of commodities has been considerably increased by a fall of several points in the cost-of-living index, which will presumably fall further as the result of Budget remissions. It seems likely that the meeting between the employers and the Operatives' Federation next Monday will result in complete deadlock, and there will be little scope for possible mediation either by the special committee which the Trade Union Congress has appointed to watch this dispute or by the Government. The operatives may try to enlist the support of the former, but it is doubtful

whether its assistance would be effective in securing better terms; while the Government, with its housing aspirations, is just as much interested as the private employer in keeping down the cost of building.

On Friday and Saturday of last week Mr. Baldwin delivered two speeches which are, apparently, to be the beginning of a series in which the future policy of the Conservative Party is to be outlined and defended. Both speeches had that curious quality which is common to nearly all Mr. Baldwin's utterances, a quality which makes the speaker attractive even when the policy put forward in the speech is not acceptable. He made it clear at the outset, however, that there has been no real change of heart or of intention on the Conservative side so far as Protection is concerned. The verdict of the country against a "general tariff" is to be accepted, but Mr. Baldwin still intends, "if and when we return to power," to deal with "industries suffering from unfair foreign competition arising from depreciated exchanges, lower wages, and other standards of life," by some means "analogous to the Safeguarding of Industries Act." He is, in our opinion, altogether mistaken in the belief that "scores of thousands of electors, Liberal and Labour," who are opposed to a general tariff, would support the introduction by this insidious process of a tariff which might easily become general in all but name.

In the course of his references to social policy, Mr. Baldwin advocated the co-ordination of the various public schemes of insurance; and he laid stress upon the need, in the interests of industrial peace, for greater publicity about the financial and economic circumstances of industrial undertakings. Both of these are reforms which Liberals also desire. Even more important was Mr. Baldwin's intimation that he was anxious for a searching investigation into the question of retail profiteering, and that he would be ready to take any necessary steps to prevent such profiteering if it were proved to exist. The Linlithgow reports have shown that the cost of distributing agricultural produce is excessive, and suspicions have for some time been entertained that a similar state of things prevails in the coal trade. Indeed, there is a great deal of evidence which tends to show that the cost of distribution in general has increased out of proportion to the increase in the cost of production, and we referred recently to the need for a careful examination of the whole problem. We hope that Mr. Baldwin's support will encourage the Government to take the matter up.

As Mr. Snowden was assured at a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party on Wednesday of the practically unanimous support of Labour Members for the abolition of the McKenna Duties, there is little fear that he will make concessions to the well-advertised agitation of the motor trade. That agitation is providing striking illustrations of the muddled state of Protectionist minds. Thus, a correspondent of the "Times" suggests that each industry ought to be allowed to adopt the fiscal system it prefers: "The textile and woollen trades want Free Trade, the motor trade wants Protection. Surely the opinions of those whose lives are spent in the commercial development of the various industries should prevail over the nostrums of political parties." This is delightfully naïve, but the "Times" itself, in a leading article on May 7th, was hardly less so. "The abolition of the McKenna Duties," it declared, "is chiefly open to

criticism on the ground of inexpediency. Whatever may be the theoretical advantages of Free Trade as a general principle, the sudden removal of established duties is always unjust. . . . We hope the "Times" will remember this pronouncement next time it is tempted to advocate experiments in Protection. The truth is that if duties are to be removed it is to the advantage of industry to remove them suddenly. Delay only encourages the consumer to postpone purchases until the anticipated fall in price materializes.

* * *

It might be imagined from the speeches made by advocates of Imperial Preference that Dominion products were at present excluded by a high tariff from the British market, while no duties were levied, in the Dominions, on British goods. Mr. Baldwin, while admitting that the provision of cheap capital is of some value, states that the Dominions "give to us for our industries benefits beyond price and far greater than we can offer them in return." Mr. Bruce debates the question whether, if preference is refused, Australia should not "offer her goods to other countries *which are prepared to take them.*" (The italics are ours.) A very brief examination of the trade figures should convince Mr. Bruce that the replacing of the British market might be a matter of some difficulty.

* * *

The language indulged in by Protectionist speakers might be specially designed to illustrate the danger presented by fiscal bargaining to Empire policy. Mr. Massey describes the British Trade policy as "inimical to the Empire"; Sir William Joynton-Hicks describes the Government's action as "a blow at the Empire such as had not been struck in its history"; the South African correspondent of the "Times" states that "grave misgivings are felt," as the result of the Budget, "about the fitness of Great Britain to lead the Empire." If this is the manner in which the Imperial connection is to be regarded, we may be sure that once Great Britain had embarked on a policy of tariffs and preferences, the same sort of language would be used every time a shilling was taken off a general duty or imposed on Empire products, every time a request for further preference was refused, or a tariff bargain struck with another country. Fortunately, we do not believe that this sort of language fairly represents Dominion opinion. The expression of that opinion in the British Press is apt to be deplorably one-sided, but, as the extracts from Australian and New Zealand newspapers in the March number of the "Round Table" show, there is at least a strong section of the Dominion public who are prepared to allow Great Britain the same freedom in the management of her fiscal affairs as they claim for themselves.

* * *

Two of the three European reconstruction schemes have just reached a critical stage. All the preliminaries of the Hungarian loan plan have now been completed, and temporary internal loans have sufficed both to keep the exchange stable and to establish the new Bank of Issue. As in the case of Austria, the knowledge that the League of Nations had taken up the work of reconstruction in earnest was enough to start the country on the upward road before a single penny had been received through League channels. It now remains to float the comparatively modest external loan of about £10,000,000, an operation which should present no serious difficulties in view of the probability of American participation and of the fact that the revenues pledged

as security provide more than three times the cover needed. Progress with the Greek Refugee Settlement scheme is more arduous, the political vicissitudes of Greece militating against the raising of a loan at this particular moment. A further short-term loan of £1,000,000 has, however, been negotiated, which will enable the work to go forward uninterrupted till the autumn, when continued stability in Greece should make it possible to raise without much trouble the full £7,000,000 needed. It is matter for satisfaction as well as interest that two such hopeful experiments in Europe should be conducted under the direct control of two able Americans, Mr. Jeremiah Smith and Mr. Henry Morgenthau, working as agents of the League of Nations.

* * *

The slackening of the Japanese-American tension will probably react on the agitation for an increase in the United States Navy. This agitation, it is true, is not concerned solely with the Pacific. Much play has been made with the report of Admiral Coontz on the lessons of the recent winter manœuvres in the Panama zone, and everything points to the fact of these manœuvres having been prearranged to yield the "lessons" desired. The Navy Department, however, has strong opposition to face, and President Coolidge has given clear indications that he is not to be hurried into an alarmist attitude. The Committee on the proposed eight new cruisers has reported in their favour; but as they were not included in the Appropriations and the President has indicated his unwillingness to sanction supplementary estimates, their construction is not likely to be begun till late in 1925. Meanwhile, there appears to be strong support in the States for the President's suggestion of a conference to supplement the work of Washington. Mr. Bruce has stated that the Australian Government favours the proposal, and there can be no doubt that it would be generally welcomed in this country. To be effective, however, it must include, at least, all the Powers represented at Washington, and the possibility of holding it at an early date may depend on developments in Europe. Meanwhile, it would be a mistake to attach too much importance to the speeches of American big-Navy propagandists.

* * *

The disappearance of Child's Bank, by amalgamation with Glyn Mills Currie Holt & Co., is a sad event; for it is one of the most ancient and memorable of all the institutions of the City. It is probable that the City Goldsmiths were, in fact, carrying on what was really banking business long before this development was explicitly commented on by contemporaries in the reign of Charles II. In this form Child's Bank dates back to the middle of the sixteenth century, and has remained in the hands of the descendants of the first founder, John Wheeler, who died in 1575, down to the death of Lord Jersey a few weeks ago. Sir Francis Child, the founder of the firm under its present name, married the great-granddaughter of the first John Wheeler, and so inherited the business and fortunes of the Wheelers, which, twice again passing in the female line (is there something symbolical in the ancient choice of the Marrygold as the firm's sign?), reached the present Earls of Jersey, without, however, the senior partnership ever passing, until now, out of the direct line during a period which approaches four hundred years. What other age or country can exhibit a better emblem of continuity? They must be hard, unsentimental financiers who do not drop a tear over the passing of the Bank which kept the accounts of Oliver Cromwell, Nell Gwynne, Titus Oates, and Samuel Pepys.

THE TEMPER OF LIBERALISM.

THE Liberal Party cut anything but a creditable figure over P.R. last week. They so managed the affair as to create a widespread impression that they were demanding that the Government should support Mr. Rendall's Bill as the price of keeping it in office. This impression was, of course, grossly erroneous, and its prevalence was due mainly to distortions in the Press; but there was just enough substance in it to make these distortions plausible. There had been much talk among Liberal members of making P.R. a test question; and the official invitation to the Government to support the second reading, coupled with certain passages in the official report of the party meeting, undoubtedly implied that the party's attitude towards the Government might be materially influenced by its response to this invitation. P.R. is emphatically not the kind of measure which can be handled in this manner. It represents a very big, indeed a revolutionary change in the political system, whether for better or, as we fear, for worse. It is an issue which notoriously has cut across party lines in the past; and, though a majority of Liberal members are sincerely in favour of P.R., their apparent unanimity is not genuine, and would not have been reached unless it had been believed that the change would be to their electoral advantage. The Cabinet, for their part, were known to be divided on the merits of the question. Had they agreed in these circumstances to deal with the matter as part of a tacit bargain between the two parties, the arrangement would have been open to grave objections on public grounds. In short, this was the last measure which the Liberal Party should have singled out for special representations to the Government, before it had even received a second reading. By treating it so, they have not only destroyed the chances of P.R., which we do not regret; they have done something, which we do regret, to lend colour to the taunt that they care more about ensuring their own survival than about anything else.

This is, we believe, to convey an utterly false impression of the spirit that pervades the Liberal Party. An instinctive response to all generous enthusiasms; a hatred of intolerance, of class or racial prejudice, of a hard materialistic outlook; an imaginative sympathy with the point of view of the unfortunate in every sphere; a passionate faith in the ultimate efficacy of reason and goodwill to resolve international and industrial discords; a determination to find a way through the jungle of formidable economic problems to a better social order; a readiness to face clamour, obloquy, and, if need be, extinction in the service of great causes;—this is still the spirit which, though it is not confined to Liberals, is at least as strong among them as among the members of any other party. The trouble is that there has been little hitherto in the conduct of the Government to rally or to satisfy this spirit; while there has been plenty to excite the animosities of faction. The notorious Clause I. of Mr. Wheatley's Evictions Bill was not calculated to inspire the enthusiast for social justice; while the subsequent manœuvres of the Government over Mr. E. D. Simon's Bill, which it amended in the Conservative direction in Committee, and re-amended in its original sense on Report, showed how strongly the Government are swayed by the miserable motive of seeking to obscure any credit due to a Liberal member for a useful piece of work. It is scarcely surprising that in these circumstances many Liberals should have come back after the Easter adjournment feeling that something must be done to clear up an unsatisfactory situation, and in a

mood to ask of the Government "Is it peace, or is it war?"

But the Liberal Party must not allow irritation to get the better of their judgment. The events of the pre-Easter period do not provide an adequate basis for gauging the quality of the Government. They suffice, indeed, to dispose of certain illusions by which Liberals were never deceived, as that a Labour Government would plunge headlong into revolutionary courses on the one hand, or that it would have a ready remedy for such problems as housing and unemployment on the other. But few reasonable persons expected that a new Ministry, almost destitute of administrative experience, would be able to evolve an inspiring programme in their first three months of office. The crucial tests of the Government will be, as we pointed out when they took office, their handling of foreign affairs and of finance. A critical period in foreign policy is just about to open. Recent developments—on the one hand, M. Poincaré's insistence that the experts' scheme must be put into effective operation before France can consider withdrawing even her economic occupation of the Ruhr; on the other, the ambiguous results of the German elections—make it clear that there will be no simple solution of the Franco-German problem on the basis of an unqualified acceptance of the experts' reports. It may well prove beyond Mr. MacDonald's power, as it has been beyond the power of previous British Ministers, to effect a settlement. But Mr. MacDonald has shown at least that he approaches the problem in the right spirit. Whether he succeeds or fails, he may be trusted not to compromise the British position. He stands at least as good a chance of success as would any British Minister in his place. The matter is not one which directly affects the relations of the parties; for Mr. MacDonald will have, we trust, a solid national backing. But Liberals should remember that it is the desire of the country that the Labour Government should have its opportunity of clearing up the European muddle, and that until it has had this opportunity no final judgment can be passed upon it.

In the sphere of finance, Mr. Snowden has produced a budget which fully realizes every reasonable expectation. He has been very fortunate, of course, in the surplus which was bequeathed him by his predecessors. But this does not diminish the credit which is due to him for the manner in which he has dealt with it. It is quite true that he has kept very little money in hand to meet further expenditure on social reform or national development, and that he ought, we think, in these circumstances to have left the Entertainments Tax alone. But with this exception, his policy of remitting his surplus is fully justified, and is in entire harmony with the traditions of Liberal finance between 1906 and 1909. There is no rational foundation for the shibboleth of a fifty-fifty balance between direct and indirect taxation. Nor is there anything to be said for retaining oppressive taxes on the necessities of life in order to facilitate greater expenditure on social reform. It is absurd to provide heavy subsidies for houses, on the ground that their occupiers cannot pay an economic rent, out of taxes on tea and sugar which diminish what these same people can afford to pay. It is far better to charge them more nearly an economic price for their tea and sugar on the one hand, and on the other more nearly an economic rent. In its main lines accordingly we regard the policy of Mr. Snowden's budget as statesmanlike and sound; and we believe that it is destined to exercise a profound effect on the whole political situation.

In the meantime, we repeat, the Liberal Party need not tactics nor "ginger," but patience. There is no

reason why they should affect towards the Government a cordiality which they do not feel. But they must avoid responding to unfriendly gestures by a narrow, captious, jealous attitude. Mr. Asquith has been distinguished throughout his whole career by the possession in pre-eminent measure of two great qualities—a serenity which is never disturbed by misrepresentation or adversity, and a magnanimity which scorns to squabble about petty points of credit and reputation. These qualities have stood him in good stead. Can he not imbue the Liberal Party with them?

THE COVENTRY AND MANCHESTER MOTORWAY.

SIR WILLIAM ACWORTH'S VIEW.

I AM asked by the Editor of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM to say what I think of the proposal to construct a special motorway and to recoup the cost by charging tolls for its use.

In the first place, I observe that, as its main object is to facilitate traffic, the road will need to be, as the Editor suggests, wide and level, that is, carried through cuts and over embankments, and its curves will be dictated from a traffic and not from a scenic point of view. *Qua* scenic attraction, therefore, it will be on a level with the ordinary railway line. Naturally, the touring motorist, even the charabanc rider, who desires primroses and hedgeways, if only that he may deface them, will avoid it and stick to—

"The reeling road, the rolling road,
That rambles round the Shire."

What new traffic might a road such as is proposed attract? The railways of Great Britain move about—I am writing without access to statistics—350 million tons per annum. Roughly four-fifths of this traffic is minerals, coal, lime, road materials, and the like; the rest is what is called in railway language "merchandise." But merchandise includes articles such as grain, hay and straw, ores other than iron ore, iron rails and girders, which ordinary Englishmen would hardly think of as merchandise. The total weight of articles valuable enough to stand the charge for motor-haulage can hardly be more than 30 million tons. If we say that the distance from Coventry to Manchester, roughly 100 miles, is one two-hundredth part of the total length of British railways, and if we assume that the traffic of this district is four times as dense as the average, the result is that the merchandise traffic potentially available for the new road would be one-fiftieth part of 30,000,000 tons, say, 600,000 tons per annum.

Obviously, the new road would not take the whole of this traffic away from the railways. Let us assume that it might take half, that is, 300,000 tons. How does the amount that this traffic might be expected to pay in tolls compare with the amount that the road proprietors would need to receive if they are to get a reasonable dividend on their investment? I do not know what the estimate of the promoters may be, but I imagine that £30,000 a mile is a moderate figure for construction, land, and land damage. For it is to be remembered that the road to be provided is not a normal highway following the contour of the country, but a structure like that of a railway which cuts the country asunder. This construction cost, £3,000,000 at 5 per cent., is equal

to £150,000 a year. In other words, the average toll per ton using the road would need to be 10s. on 300,000 tons of possible traffic. And even then nothing is allowed for administration, upkeep of road, toll-collection, and so forth. And 10s. per ton carried, even on the extreme assumption that every ton traverses the whole length of the road, is roughly equal to a toll of 1½d. per ton-mile. Now the average cost of road motor-haulage under economical conditions is, I believe, usually reckoned at 6d. or 8d. per ton-mile. The cost on the new road would no doubt be lower, but it is questionable whether the reduction would be more than the amount of the new toll. Unless it is, the new road offers no new attraction.

In making the above estimate I have assumed that the new road might divert from the railways alongside one-half of the existing traffic in merchandise of some value. But personally I cannot believe it possible that any such result would be obtained. Let us suppose that it might be possible to carry on the new road at an all-in cost of only 6d. per mile. The comparative railway rate may be put at an average figure of 3d. per ton-mile, that is, one-half; and the railway rate in most cases includes the total cost from the consignor's door at one end to the consignee's door at the other. Moreover, on a main route such as that between Coventry and Lancashire, the speed of railway delivery leaves nothing to desire. It is true that on cross-country routes delay is serious; but if goods are collected in Coventry on Monday afternoon and delivered in Manchester on Tuesday morning, what better service can be given by motor-lorry? For specially fragile articles the reduction in the number of handlings and the avoidance of rough shunting are doubtless of great advantage; but the bulk of such articles is not sufficient to occupy a special road.

Personally, I cannot think that money will ever be found for the new scheme. But, though as an economist I am bound to regard expenditure which I believe will be unproductive as undesirable, I heartily hope that the scheme will go forward. And this for several reasons. In the first place, an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory. Further, it would be a blessing to get the lumbering furniture lorry off the beautiful highways which it blocks and disfigures. And, especially, a toll-taking motor-road would relieve the taxpayer and ratepayer from the unjust obligation to subsidize competition by motor-lorry with the railways, which they do, so long as they are required to maintain for the use of the lorries, almost wholly free of expense to them, a costly road, while the trader who uses the railway is required to pay, in the charges imposed on him, the railway cost, not only for maintenance, but for construction capital.

W. M. ACWORTH.

LORD MONTAGU'S REPLY.

I AM delighted that my old friend and fellow-student of transport matters, Sir William Acworth, the doyen of railway economists, should step into the arena, and with such courtesy invite us youngsters of the transport fraternity to break a lance with him. Says Sir William: "The measure of the traffic which the Motorway will command is the transferable surplus of that now passing on the railways, and that surplus is not enough for you to live on." My answer to this assumption is quite simple. The Motorway does not rely on the diversion of a single ton of railway traffic.

The invention of the mechanical road vehicle has developed during the last fifteen years its own business

of internal transport which is, in large proportion, quite independent of railways. This business is the result of superior mobility, wider diffusion, door-to-door transit, saving of handling, greater dispatch, and other facilities which the railways are either unable to offer, or unable to offer in the same degree. Modern road vehicles have evolved for themselves a new and very important department of transport, just as the railways did in regard to the canal, and motor-buses in regard to tramcars. Nor has this development injured railways. On the contrary, alongside of all the new tonnage and millions of passengers conveyed, railway traffics have gone on increasing, and consequently I have always thought that railways have no real cause for alarm. In the same way horse-breeders in 1835-45 opposed railways, which they imagined would sound the knell of their industry. More horses, however, were bred and sold in 1860 than in 1840, and their apprehensions were belied by events. Traffic breeds traffic. New facilities create new demands, and all transport agencies participate in the resulting improvement. True progress in transport is not a game of beggar-my-neighbour, but of expansion all round, benefiting every form of transport.

But let us leave out of account the railway traffics, and consider the quantity and growth of motor traffic now passing on the roads. The latest returns (Ministry of Transport Census, Stationery Office, 1924) show that road traffic is increasing throughout the country at the rate of 21.2 per cent. per annum. The ratio of increase of this road traffic is in some places much higher, and for the North of England, and particularly Lancashire, is the highest of any district whose returns are given in the blue-book. Adopting, however, the above normal increment of 21.2 per cent., and applying it to the gross tonnage of traffic passing upon the roads, to which the Motorway will afford an alternative route, a toll of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a ton-mile will be sufficient, assuming that the Motorway commands only a third of the traffic of these roads, to pay 2 per cent. on its ordinary capital in the first year. If one-half of the tonnage is diverted, the 2 per cent. becomes 6.6 per cent.; if two-thirds, 11.1 per cent. These figures will be increased in the second year (on the same calculation) to 4.1 per cent. on one-third, 9.7 per cent. on one-half, and 15.2 per cent. on two-thirds of the road traffic. These remarkable figures, in my opinion, make a strong financial case for the Motorway without assuming any withdrawal of traffic from the railways.

It may be asked, why should the traffic transfer itself from the present highroads, where it passes free, to the Motorway, where it will have to pay a toll? Here is the answer. As compared with the passage of transport along the present congested roads—in some cases dangerous, tortuous, and narrow—obstructed by numerous cross-streams of traffic, and hampered by general and special speed limits, the Motorway, specially constructed on special foundations for heavy and fast traffic, with no curves or gradients to speak of, and no roads crossing on the level, no foot or horse traffic to beware of, will offer the owners of heavy commercial vehicles material advantages. In addition there will be a considerable volume of passenger traffic, public and private.

I put the case thus in round figures:—

Time saved	+	50 %
Average load	+	100 %
Life of car	+	33½ %
Life of tyres	+	50 %
Running costs—Petrol	—	30 %
" Oil	—	30 %
Repairs	—	50 %

The force of these economies soon will divert traffic from the highroads to the Motorway, to the infinite relief (a) of that roadside population, both town and country, who are suffering to-day a destruction of cherished amenities, and, indeed, of property, by the constant passage of these heavy vehicles close to their houses; (b) of the ratepayers, including the railway companies, who are all groaning under the increasing demands of the rate-collector for road maintenance. Further, Motorways bid fair to impart a stimulus to trade, corresponding to that which eighty or a hundred years ago was engendered by the first railway and its successors. History shows that it was largely this stimulus which lifted the commerce of the country from the slough which well-nigh overwhelmed it for twenty years after the Napoleonic wars. Mr. Editor, that stimulus is needed again in the highest degree to-day.

MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

A PARIS DIARY.

(FROM A FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

MAY 6TH, 1924.

I AM a voter in the "4th secteur" of Paris, this enormous town that begins in the Ile St. Louis, and ends—nobody knows where. In former days, once beyond the fortifications, one was wont to say that one was out of Paris. But to-day the fortifications have been partly levelled with the ground, and the Ministry of the Interior, which delimits the various constituencies, has decided that the immediate suburbs of the town will henceforth constitute the "4th electoral secteur" of Paris. This secteur numbers a little over 300,000 voters. At the elections of November, 1919, the list that had my preference gathered 114,000 votes, but did not obtain a single seat because the opposing list of the Bloc National had obtained an overwhelming majority from the first ballot. Such are the attractive features of proportional representation when its principles are not strictly applied! It is natural that the 114,000 voters who voted for the Left in 1919, and were so completely defeated, should be eager to-day to take their revenge. With this aim in view, the different parties of the Left (Radical-Socialists, Republican-Socialists, and Socialists) have joined in forming one list, the so-called "Cartel des Gauches." In all the constituencies of France where the Left parties were defeated in 1919, as they were in ours, they have now combined in this way.

The Bloc National won all the seats in the 4th secteur of Paris in 1919. Nevertheless, in 1924 you will look there in vain for a list of the Bloc National. And the same thing has happened nearly everywhere. The defeat of the Bloc National is accomplished before the battle begins. The deputies elected under its auspices in 1919 have abandoned and rejected it, and have thrown into the nettles the banner that was proudly carried before them at that time by M. Alexandre Millerand. In the 4th secteur of Paris M. Bokanowsky, now Minister of the Marine, who won acclamations for the Bloc National in 1919, vows to-day not to remember the fact. When the ship leaks, the rats escape. The scattered partisans of the Bloc National have gathered as best they could round colourless banners. This accounts for the sudden springing up of numerous lists, none of which represents any known party, as, for instance: Liste d'union républicaine; Liste républicaine nationale; Liste républicaine indépendante; Liste de concentration

républicaine; Liste des républicains démocrates; Liste des républicains indépendants; Liste d'union nationale, &c.

The real struggle will be between the "Right" and the "Left." The Royalist Right has not ventured to display its banner openly. The Left parties—Radicals on one side, and Socialists on the other—have united in nearly all constituencies where neither the one nor the other of them felt confident of obtaining an absolute majority. I was present, three weeks ago, at a meeting of the leaders of the three Left parties. The necessity of an understanding was evident to everybody. But how difficult it is to realize unity of action! Nevertheless, some progress has been achieved in this respect. We have created, for instance, an "Office de documentation du Cartel des Gauches," which has undertaken the task of publishing "Notes for speakers," in the way it is done in England. This is an excellent plan for assuring a certain unity of views amongst the different candidates of the Cartel. In fact, the Left parties have vividly realized how much trouble would arise for them from the absence of a positive common programme. They have at present among them only one common desire, and that is to fight against reaction.

I have been present during the last few days at several electoral meetings, at Boulogne, at Neuilly, at Clichy, at St. Denis, at Ivry. At these the candidates of the Cartel des Gauches, who were most eager to outline to the audiences the main lines of a positive programme, were invariably interrupted and stopped by the public. Unfortunately, most meetings in the 4th secteur of Paris are disturbed by the relentless and often furious interventions of the Communists. It would be interesting to study the vehement and disorderly activity of the Communist party during the period of elections. Violence is its chief argument. Under this violence is hidden the deep disillusion caused by the conduct of its leaders and by the only too apparent failure of their doctrine. In their interventions the Communists always attack the Cartel des Gauches, and their most violent assaults are directed against Socialist candidates.

There is no doubt that the results of the voting on the 11th inst. will be strongly influenced by this merciless struggle between the Communists and the Cartel des Gauches. But let it not be thought that the forces that support the Cartel des Gauches are small. For the first time for many years, the workers' organizations (Syndicats de la Confédération Générale du Travail, and more particularly the powerful Fédération des Syndicats des Fonctionnaires) have openly expressed their opinion in favour of the Cartel des Gauches. The Fédération des Syndicats des Fonctionnaires has published a series of most interesting digests, and, as it has at its disposal most excellent agents of propaganda throughout France, one can be certain that the campaign it has thus started will not be without important results.

If I may judge the struggle from the aspect it has assumed in the 4th secteur, I may prognosticate some success for the Cartel des Gauches. The 4th secteur has to elect nineteen deputies. I have already said that the Bloc National won all the seats in 1919. This time the Cartel des Gauches may obtain from the start ten or twelve seats out of nineteen.

I would not dare to prophesy a success of such proportions in all constituencies where the system of the Cartel des Gauches has been applied. I will confine myself to giving certain data, derived from a semi-official source. It was calculated in my presence the other day that the Communists and the Socialists might obtain from 100 to 120 seats in the new Parliament, and that the Radical Socialists and the Republican Socialists might obtain from 100 to 150 seats.

The next Chamber will have about 594 deputies, and if one takes the above figures, one reaches the conclusion that the Left may secure about half the seats. A clear majority is not to be expected, but, to my mind, successes of this magnitude would certainly enable the Left to exercise upon a part of the deputies of the Centre an influence so important that in many circumstances a majority of the Left would perhaps be obtained.

C.

LIFE AND POLITICS

IT is obvious that the Liberals are in something like a cleft stick over the challenge on P.R. The wisdom of the action they took was questionable, but it was assumed to be safe in view of the large number of Labour pledges on the subject given at the election, and of the fact that the Cabinet were practically unanimous. But though the Cabinet recommended Government support to the proposal, the party turned it down, and the election pledges went by the board. The Liberals are, therefore, in the position of having made a formal demonstration in order to ascertain the position of the Government, not merely on the question, but on their general attitude to the Liberal Party; of having received a rebuff, and of being left with the unsolved problem of what to do next. There is talk in some quarters of reprisals in the House, but the general feeling of the party is strongly opposed to any action of that sort. It would prejudice the Liberal cause in the country, where there are many evidences of revival, and the ground itself is not a favourable one on which to quarrel—even if hostilities were in themselves advisable. A more reasonable suggestion is that the Government should be asked to formulate their own plan for dealing with an anomaly which all parties recognize, but which survives because one party or another imagines that it works to its own advantage. Mr. Henderson in his speech in the debate made a reference to the alternative vote which was much noticed, and though he subsequently qualified his remark, it was assumed to have more than a personal significance. I think the Liberals would be generally disposed to compromise on such a proposal.

* * *

If the differences between Labour and the Liberals are to continue they will, I think, assume a more weighty character than questions of temper and party advantage. There is developing, as the proposals of the Government are advanced, a very fundamental difference of outlook between the parties on vital issues. It has been most apparent so far in regard to Mr. Wheatley's housing scheme and the London Traffic Bill. In both these measures there are visible the seeds of a new political motive in our affairs. It is a tendency towards an understanding between Capital and Labour for the composition of their differences at the expense of the interests of the consumer. Labour gives Capital what it wants, and Capital repays in kind. This idea is at the root of Mr. Wheatley's housing scheme, which gives the combine a free hand and leaves Labour to dictate its own conditions and to refuse any measure of dilution, without which the houses simply cannot be built in anything like abundance. It is still more apparent in the case of the London Traffic Bill, which is a hardly disguised deal between the traffic combine and the trade unions. The proceedings in committee on this Bill deserve the close attention of the public. Whenever the Liberal members put forward an amendment which is designed to protect

the interests of the public against the combine, they find Labour and the Conservatives united in opposition to them. If this sinister feature develops the Liberals will not be without an issue on which to appeal to the country. Their historic position is the protection of the interests of the consumer against the raids of special interests, and if the fraternizing of Labour and the Conservatives is discovered to be only an expedient by which Labour and Capital can mutually squeeze the public, there will be no need to despair of a Liberal revival.

* * *

Cricket and low temperatures go ill together, and the opening of the season has not been exhilarating. Beyond the evidence which Mr. P. G. H. Fender provided against Glamorgan that he still preserves that sledgehammer stroke that makes him a sort of Vulcan of the cricket field there has been little in the week's play to foreshadow the course of the season. The principal feature of the year is, of course, the presence of the South African team. The South Africans have not hitherto reached the standard which makes a visit from the Australians overshadow the struggle of the counties; but their improvement in recent years has been very marked, and the opening game with Leicestershire this week, on a wicket which did not favour a team accustomed to the hard wickets of South Africa, showed that they will be able to give a good account of themselves, not only against the counties but in the test matches. The selection of the English team for those matches will be more than usually difficult, for I do not remember a time when the game had fewer indisputable figures either in batting or bowling.

* * *

There is a good deal of anxiety in Club-land about the future of many of the palatial institutions which are situated between Charing Cross and Hyde Park Corner. The war has left its mark here as elsewhere, and there is a widespread complaint of declining memberships, accompanied by an element of competition which is new to this august world. The changed conditions of life, the influence of the motor-car and the increase in the social intercourse of the sexes are among the explanations offered for the very definite tendency that is widely experienced.

* * *

The emphatic refusal of Sir James Craig to accede to the request of the British Government to appoint a representative of Ulster on the Boundary Commission places this country in an extremely delicate position. Sir James may be strictly within the four corners of his bargain in ignoring the Commission; but the British Government cannot ignore it. The undertaking that the revision of the boundary should be the subject of inquiry is in their case as valid and obligatory as the Treaty itself, and it will have to be honoured even though Ulster stands aloof. It is an undertaking in which the good faith of this country, and of all parties in this country, is deeply involved, and any attempt to evade it would have disastrous reactions in the Free State at the most critical phase of its career. Mr. Cosgrave's Government has succeeded in the face of enormous difficulties in wearing down the Republican movement, but any failure to keep the bond in regard to the boundary question would be a blow to the Free State Government, would revive all the old distrust that centres in the memories of the Treaty of Limerick, and would fan the smouldering embers of republicanism once more into flames.

* * *

The sale of the Swaythling silver this week realized some sensational prices. A Tudor cup, 16oz. in weight, brought £9,500, and the Rodney Cup, which weighs

24oz., and which, I understand, Lord Swaythling regarded as his best piece, £7,500. It would be interesting to know the price which the vendor originally gave for his treasures. Generally the appreciation must have been enormous. I have heard of one lot which was bought for £170 and sold for something like £4,000.

A. G. G.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

REFUSING TO "MARCH."

THURSDAY, MAY 8TH.

THE first dawn of early rapture of the Budget has already in part faded. Such a fading was inevitable. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has challenged great vested interests and pertinacious prejudices. After the staggering popularity of the scattering of thirty-eight millions in the remission of taxation, all the opposing forces commence to creep out of their caves again, and raise the various standards of opposition. Mr. Snowden, by his courageous challenge to all veiled or unveiled Protectionist theories, has undoubtedly (for Budget purposes) cemented a concordat between Liberalism and Labour, when that concordat was well-nigh breaking. The Conservatives are many of them genuinely outraged in the revelation of that united agreement, being convinced in their own minds that the mass of the working people of England are Protectionists at heart. They have not sufficiently allowed for the fact that the bulk of the wealth of the country has been made by Export Trade, and that such an enormous community as Lancashire compels even its Tory representatives to become Free Traders. In the debates on the general structure and substance of the Budget, the Tories cut a sorry plight. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans could only repeat the jests made by Sir Robert Horne on the previous day concerning nationalization of banking; and all the greater lights and ex-Chancellors remained quiescent. In a good-tempered closing speech, Mr. Snowden swept them all away.

Ministers greatly needed the Budget to restore a popularity which, without it, was fast ebbing away. Their failure in other matters to reveal energy or decision has been exciting amongst the Government supporters a profound discontent, none the less real because concealed under an appearance of almost subservient discipline. The Labour programme, like Carlyle's Sansculottism, refuses to "march." It does not even "march" in any challenging or revolutionary aspects. It does not "march" in those measures which are common to all parties, or which command a substantial majority in the House of Commons. In the absence of the formulation of big schemes, the time of Parliament is being occupied by a series of trivial and irrelevant Bills which excite endless discussion because Members must talk about something, and there is nothing else for members to talk about. It is now well on in the second week in May. The Government have been in office since January, and anticipated office for many weeks before. Yet a kind of paralysis seems to have seized upon all their constructive efforts. Not a single first-class measure has been passed on second reading and sent to Grand Committees, which are occupied by the London Traffic Bill which was found as a legacy in the pigeon-holes of the last Tory Government; the perpetually obstructed private member's Rent Restriction Bill, and in passing one or two useful little pieces of minor legislation.

Of their first-class measures, the Unemployed Insurance Bill has been printed, but not yet discussed on second reading. The same applies to the Agricultural Wages Boards Bill. The new great Housing Bill, under the continual hail of criticism of the Building Trust scheme, recedes into an even dimmer distance. The removal of the Thrift Disqualification for Old Age Pensions and the provision of Widows' Pensions are adum-

brated but not produced. The national schemes for relief of the Unemployed, placed once in the forefront of the Election Labour programme, remain still inchoate and conjectural. All these constructive Bills are full of detail and will demand careful criticism and debate in Committee. It is quite evident that the Government cannot carry even a section of their programme without a prolonged Autumn Session, and are proceeding generally as if a "two or three years" occupation of office is assured. Yet there is no attempt at obstruction, and they are being offered a fairer chance of passing what they please than has been offered to any Government of this century.

In the House itself, with Mr. Snowden at present "filling the bill," Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is more and more dropping back into the position of an American President, remote from the task of daily leadership. He rarely appears there except when he has to answer questions. And when difficult and delicate questions of Party relationships crop up, as in the case of the discussion concerning Proportional Representation, he is announced by the newspapers as occupying his time at the private view of the Royal Academy, leaving Mr. Henderson to tackle a situation which only the head of the Government could satisfactorily deal with. The Home Secretary made a valiant attempt to soothe down the smouldering discontent on both sides, inflamed in part by mischief-makers outside: between the Labour group who thought they had been scolded, and the Liberal group who thought they had been sold. A too violent interruption from Mr. Spencer, of South Bradford, who fights with great spirit and ability Socialists and Tariff Reformers alike, caused an unexpected explosion. And in the defiant reply of the Minister to what appeared to him to be a pious ejaculation, "Turn them out," by a beating of the box and the retort, "Get on with the job," conciliation for the moment "melted into air, into thin air." The Tories cheered uproariously, and the Labour and mischief-making newspapers the day after reported little but the utterance, although, as a matter of fact, the whole day had been spent in a dull discussion of the deplorable subject of electoral reform in a debate in which all parties were hopelessly divided internally, and most of the speakers (on both sides) repudiated all their former utterances.

Yet no one in daily attendance could doubt that the real and fundamental division is between the Conservatives on the one hand and Liberal and Labour on the other. The Liberal "cave" boils itself down in practice to Captain Guest and a handful of irrelevant members who thought that Mr. Winston Churchill would have been he who would have redeemed Israel. The situation has been in part cleared by the determination which Mr. Lloyd George has made known, that in no case will he become a member of a Liberal "wing" of an Anti-Socialist, property-protecting Party. It is not so much definite principles which cut this deep line of cleavage. It is a general attitude towards life and the future: instincts inherited or acquired, and subconscious prejudice or belief which compels members, apart from reasoning or propaganda, to throw themselves on the side of conservation or on the side of change. And these attitudes and instincts will last as long as human life endures.

That does not mean that civil war may not even be more bitter than war against a common foe, or that antipathies may not be more readily excited by desire to attain credit for one party or another, each of which appeals practically in the electorate to the same type of mind. A curious and rather ludicrous example of that was exhibited last Monday over the Prevention of Evictions Bill of Mr. E. D. Simon. The Prime Minister, smarting under the defeat of his own measure, had announced that this Liberal Bill was "thoroughly unsatisfactory," but could be so moulded by a Labour Government in Committee upstairs as to become a possible measure of reform. The Labour Government upstairs proceeded to "mould" the Bill, in collaboration with the joyful and ever-helpful Sir Kingsley Wood, who alone knew what was happening, and who led bewildered Labour Members and all his own party into

a common destruction of vital clauses, amid the protests of an impotent Liberal minority. On the Bill returning to the House, it was discovered belatedly that it had been thus converted into a Landlord's, instead of a Tenant's Protection Bill. In face of a revolt of their own back benches and the Liberal expositions by Mr. Simon, Mr. Foot, and others, of the foul work so foolishly accomplished, the Government, hastily and with as much grace as possible, suddenly switched round and replaced the ejected Liberal amendments. Passionate protests of "betrayal" were made by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Lord Eustace Percy, and others; the triumphant Liberals rubbed the lesson home with great relish; the Government front bench looked foolish, the back benches furious; a day had been wasted in Committee, another in the House, and all for nothing; and Sir Kingsley Wood, as smiling and cherubic as ever, with an appearance of indignation ill concealing a strong complacency, gazed happily from his high corner bench at the chaos which he had so successfully created. Such incidents brighten a session, at the moment normally dull.

M.P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARTICLE X.

SIR,—Mr. Zimmern's reply, in *THE NATION* and *THE ATHENÆUM* for April 26th, to my letter of April 12th contains more heat and less light than might be expected from a publicist of his standing. Without attempting to emulate his methods of controversy I should like to explain what I believe to be the present position as regards Articles X. and XVI. of the Covenant.

(1) *There is much disagreement as to the meaning of Article X.* Thus the Canadian delegate, Mr. Lapointe, in the First Committee of the Third Assembly "read certain passages from the memorandum of the Hon. C. J. Doherty, Canadian Delegate to the 1921 Assembly, expressing an opinion which was shared by several eminent jurists in other countries. The view they held was that there was a great difference between obligations imposed upon Members of the League of Nations under Article 10 and those imposed under Article 16. On the other hand, the Committee of Jurists, set up in accordance with a resolution of the Council, which had been requested by the Committee on Amendments to investigate the legal scope of Article 10, had reached the following conclusions: (1) that the obligations imposed on Members of the League under Article 10 of the Covenant did not differ from those contained in Article 16; (2) that the Members of the League of Nations were in no sense bound to undertake any military action, and that they retained full power to decide whether, and, if so, to what extent, they considered it their duty to give effect to the advice of the Council." (From the Minutes of the Committee).

After long discussion the First Committee presented a resolution adjourning consideration of the matter on the ground that "widely different opinions have been expressed with regard to the legal bearing of this Article and its relationship to the other Articles of the Covenant, especially to Articles XII. and XVII." This resolution was voted by the Third Assembly.

In the Fourth Assembly, Sir Lomer Gouin (Canada) strongly insisted that "an interpretation of the Article is absolutely essential. The Amendments Committee made a formal declaration to that effect in 1921, and the Assembly also agreed unanimously on this point." After a long discussion showing great differences of view, the Assembly voted on the following interpretative resolution:—

"The Assembly, desirous of defining the scope of the obligations contained in Article 10 of the Covenant so far as regards the points raised by the delegation of Canada, adopts the following resolution: 'It is in conformity with the spirit of Article 10 that, in the event of the Council considering it to be its duty to recommend the application of military measures in consequence of an aggression or danger or threat of aggression, the Council shall be bound to take account, more particularly, of the geographical situation and of the special conditions of each State. It is for the constitutional authorities of each Member to decide, in reference to the obligation of preserving the independence

and the integrity of the territory of Members, in what degree the Member is bound to assure the execution of this obligation by employment of its military forces. The recommendation made by the Council shall be regarded as being of the highest importance, and shall be taken into consideration by all Members of the League with the desire to execute their engagements in good faith."

(The reference to "the constitutional authorities of each Member" is a formula intended to accommodate the Canadian contention that "no Member shall be under the obligation to engage in any act of war without the consent of its Parliament, legislature, or other representative body.")

The resolution was not carried, owing to the opposition of Persia alone, but the President of the Assembly pointed out that he could not declare it rejected "because it cannot be argued that in voting as it has done the Assembly has pronounced in favour of the converse interpretation." Hence it is safe to infer that if the Council is ever called upon to take action under Article X. it will adopt this interpretation as the most authoritative exposition of the meaning of the Article (and have to decide *ad hoc*, presumably, whether or not Article X. means anything different from Article XVI.!).

As for Article XVI., the amended text—which is the only one on which the Council is in the least likely to act—omits the original reference to military, naval, and air forces. That is, it does not authorize a blockade, but only the breaking-off of all relations with the offending State (this, although the latter is deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League—a curious ambiguity). The Article concludes:—

"The Council will notify to all Members of the League the date which it recommends for the application of the economic pressure under this Article. Nevertheless, the Council may, in the case of particular Members, postpone the coming into force of any of these measures for a specified period where it is satisfied that such a postponement will facilitate the attainment of the object of the measures referred to in the preceding paragraph, or that it is necessary in order to minimize the loss and inconvenience which will be caused to such Members."

The last sentence, particularly the portion I have italicized, seems to leave everything beautifully vague, particularly when it is remembered that the Council can only recommend action, and in doing so must reckon with the opinions of the States Members whom the recommendation may affect.

(2) *The broad political effect of (1) is that the Council is left the widest latitude in recommending action under Articles X. and XVI., and Members of the League would feel entitled to give effect to the Council's recommendation only in so far as their Parliaments desired and "special circumstances" rendered expedient.*

Therefore, our Government, as a member of the Council, would have a perfect right to refuse to join in recommending any action on behalf of a country which did not submit a dispute to the League and carry out the League's award. In special cases there might be additional conditions, such as those I have suggested for Poland and Roumania. It is precisely the weakness and ambiguity of Articles X. and XVI. to-day that form the chief argument advanced by champions of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, which under Mr. Zimmern's view of these Articles would be superfluous.

Mr. Zimmern further writes that "... the whole case for the League in the Corfu controversy was based on Article X.; and it was the British delegate who had Article X. and the succeeding articles publicly read out at the Council. His view has since been completely upheld by the report of the Jurists' Commission. . . ."

I find this argument difficult to follow: The Jurists' Commission never gave any opinion on Article X., for the simple reason that they were never asked to do so. Greece appealed to the Council not under Article X., but under Articles XII. and XV.—presumably because the Greeks knew that if they had appealed to Article X. they would have put friends of the League in a hole, without doing themselves any good. The Corfu case, therefore, can hardly be used as an argument for Article X.

In short, it would appear to be a fact, whether we like it or not, that the obligations of Members of the League under Articles X. and XVI. have to-day been "reduced almost to vanishing point." I think, on the whole, this is not a bad thing, for Mr. Zimmern's interpretation of what

these Articles imply approaches that of the Duke of Northumberland and panicky Senators in the United States, and would, if generally adopted, do immense harm. It would deliver us bound hand and foot to M. Poincaré when the question of discussing security with France comes up; it would keep the United States and Russia out of the League indefinitely; it would give weapons to Die-hard enemies of the League and all enemies of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance.

Personally, I think our Government ought to declare its belief that Articles X. and XVI. are now so ambiguous as to be useless and even dangerous. Before they can be cut out of the Covenant, however, we must build up an alternative: Articles X. and XVI. express badly, and Articles XI.—XVII. imperfectly, two principles that lie at the root of international association—namely, that all disputes should be settled peacefully, and that a State which behaves in this way should be supported against a State that refuses to do so. Consequently, I think we ought to come out strongly for the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, but with amendments designed to make it clear that a State can invoke the Treaty only if it has submitted the dispute concerned to the League or is carrying out the League's final award, and that all contracting parties must conclude universal arbitration treaties and sign the optional clause concerning compulsory jurisdiction in the statute of the International Court.

I suspect that Mr. Zimmern and I could easily agree on some such policy, and that at bottom the difference between us is merely one of method. He thinks the best chance of persuading public opinion to accept the Treaty of Mutual Assistance is to propagate the idea that we are already pledged to the same thing under Articles X. and XVI. of the Covenant, whereas I consider this view to be neither well-founded in fact nor well-conceived as tactics.—Yours, &c.,

A LEAGUEITE.

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

SIR,—Your readers must have followed with great interest the correspondence evoked by Mr. Lloyd George's letter in your issue of April 12th headed "The Statesman's Task." It may almost be summed up in the closing sentences, particularly the following: "... in the organization of our industries . . . and, above all, in the use we make of our fine manhood, we are not taking full advantage of the assets at our command."

In your issue of the 3rd inst. Mr. Layton says: "4. Most employers will agree that, as compared with the situation either before the war or in 1920, the relations of employers and employed have immensely improved." Mr. Norman Angell, on the other hand, speaks of the present day "when the obstinacy of a couple of thousand locomotive drivers, or the quarrelsomeness of two or three Trade Union officials, can paralyze the life of twenty million folk"—referring, of course, to the four serious strikes which took place in February and March. In each case force was used pitilessly against the general community for sectional benefit. We have since been threatened with a general strike on the railways because of a difference with regard to whether wages should be paid weekly or fortnightly, and a mere handful of dockers in an East Coast port are talking of having the coal trimmers of the whole country called out, and the export trade paralyzed, because of a dispute involving less than two dozen men.

Is the greatest industrial need at the present time not legislation for dealing with these questions? Proposals emanating from the Conservative Party, or even from the Liberals, have always been looked upon with suspicion by the Trades Unions, but now that they have in office a Government after their own heart, in which there are many able men thoroughly familiar with the difficulties, is it too much to ask that it should appoint a committee of employers' and workmen's representatives to go into the whole matter thoroughly and submit recommendations for the consideration of Parliament? Labour organizations are staunch supporters of the League of Nations. They are even impatient of the little it has been able to do in the five years of its existence, forgetting all too readily the enormously complicated problems with which it has to deal. Meanwhile they have problems, complicated it is true, but very much simpler

on the whole, which they do not even tackle in the only way which seems capable of bringing about satisfactory results, viz., a league of employers and employed who, as in the case of the League of Nations, would be bound to submit their differences to arbitration or to an impartial tribunal, and who would be barred on both sides from employing force, that is, a strike or lock-out, until the expiry of a reasonable period for negotiation after the promulgation of the award. In the event of international disputes arising, the members of the League of Nations "agree (Art. 12) in no case to resort to war until three months after the award." Even before 1914 war was not waged without due notice and the safeguarding of the interests of non-combatants, but nowadays the favourite weapon of certain of the men's leaders is the lightning strike, of which the *raison d'être* is simply that it inflicts the maximum possible injury on the innocent in the hope of getting them to join in a demand for peace at any price.

The machinery for an Industrial League is already largely in existence and could be easily expanded, and, fortunately, provision is made for its extension internationally under Part XIII., Articles 387 to 427 of the Treaty of Versailles, and corresponding Articles in the other Treaties.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow, May 5th, 1924.

P.S.—Since writing the above I learn that the national ballot of building trades operatives has resulted as follows:—

In favour of a strike in the event of further negotiations proving abortive, 94,114; against, 32,483.

MOTOR LORRY TAXES.

SIR,—The present licence duties on motor lorries are even more absurd and unfair than your article suggests. Everyone, except the official who drafted the schedule of duties, can see that the damage done to roads by motor vehicles increases faster than the weight of the vehicles. Thus one vehicle weighing two tons does more damage than two vehicles weighing a ton each; probably one vehicle weighing three tons does more damage than two vehicles weighing two tons each, and so on.

But our sapient Legislature taxes the Ford one-ton truck at £16, a two-ton lorry pays £22, a three-ton lorry pays £25, and above four tons the charge is uniform at £30.

Evidently the least that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could do is to levy a uniform duty of so much per cwt., so that the heavy vehicles would at least pay in proportion to their weight. A logical scale would apply a kind of super-tax to all vehicles exceeding one ton in weight.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. ALLEN.

1, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C.
April 28th, 1924.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

SIR,—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's plea for a complete "Anthony Trollope" strikes a responsive chord in every true Trollopian breast. It may be that publisher and bookseller—prudential men—are both right as regards an edition strictly complete. But might they not be prepared to adventure an edition of all the best of Trollope's work, with the two best-known groups, the "Barsetshire" and the "Prime Minister," as backbone? Every omen legible to the plain eye is favourable to such a project: and an invitation to subscribe in advance to the series would soon test its value—in a manner, I believe, agreeable to its projectors.

May I add one practical suggestion? If a new edition should be, as I assume, obtainable also in single volumes, or at any rate in sections, its issue in a size corresponding to the Chapman & Hall eight-volume edition of 1891 would add to its attraction for all who already possess "The Chronicles of Barsetshire" in that form. I hope that many others of your readers may add their stone to the cairn of appeal.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN N. BARRAN.

Sawley Hall, Ripon.

THE LATE MAURICE HEWLETT.

SIR,—May I, as literary executor of the late Maurice Hewlett, appeal to any of your readers who may have received letters from him to send them to me, at 9, Eccleston Square, S.W.1., as it is proposed to publish a collection of his letters?

Every care will be taken of MSS.; originals will be returned as soon as they have been copied, and nothing will be published without the consent of the addressees.—Yours, &c.,

G. M. P. WELBY-EVERARD.

9, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

May 2nd, 1924.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THE BARSETSHIRE NOVELS.—II.

By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

I do not wish to make a third with Pontius Pilate and Mr. Chadband in raising the question, "What is Truth?" but merely to suggest here that, as soon as ever you raise it over poetry or over prose fiction, it becomes—as Aristotle did not miss to discover—highly philosophical and ticklish. To begin at plumb bottom with your mere matter-of-fact man, you will be asked to explain how in the world there can be "truth" in "fiction," the two being opponent and mutually exclusive terms; and such a man will tell you that larkspurs don't listen, lilies don't whisper, and no spray blossoms with pleasure because a bird has clung to it; wherefore, what is the use of pretending any such lies? Ascending a little higher in the scale of creation, we come to another bottom, a false bottom, a Bully Bottom, who enjoys make-believe, but feels it will never do to bring in (God shield us!) a lion among ladies. Still ascending past much timber, we emerge on the decks of argosies—

"Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,"

portly negligent of all this bottom-business on which they ride, carrying piled canvas over the foam of perilous seas. In short, the man who hasn't it in his soul that there is a truth of emotion and a truth of imagination just as solid for a keelson as any truth of fact, merely

does not know what literature is about. As Heine once said of a fat opponent, it is easier for a camel to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for that fellow to pass through the eye of a needle. Now Trollope, if we look at him in one way, and consider him as an entirely honest Bottom, simply saw Micawber as a grotesque creation and Victor Hugo as a writer extravagantly untrue to nature. He merely could not understand what Hugo would be aiming at (say) in "Gastibelza" or in the divine serenade:—

"Allons-nous-en par l'Autriche!

Nous aurons l'aube à nos fronts.

Je serai grand et toi riche,

Puisque nous nous aimerons . . .

Tu seras dame et moi comte.

Viens, mon cœur s'épanouit.

Viens, nous conterons ce conte

Aux étoiles de la nuit."

He could as little see—and yet who doubts it?—that the creator of Micawber was absolutely honest in closing "David Copperfield" on the declaration that "no one can ever believe this Narrative in the reading more than I believed it in the writing." What Trollope made of "Paradise Lost" (or of "Alice in Wonderland") would certainly "admit a wide solution." But the point for us is that as an honest man who lived through the

vogue of Poe and Dickens and, in later times, of Ouida (who will surely, soon or late, be recognized for the genius she was), and was all the time, on his own admission, alive as anyone to the market, Trollope kept the noiseless tenor of his way and, resisting temptation this side or that, went on describing life as he saw it.

Thus, and in this easy, humdrum, but pertinacious style, he arrived, much as he often arrived at the death of a fox. He was a great fox-hunter; lumbering in the saddle, heavy, short-sighted, always unaware of what might happen on t'other side of the next fence—"few have explored more closely than I have done the depth and breadth and water-holding capacities of an Essex ditch." He knew little of the science of the sport:—

"Indeed, all the notice I take of hounds is not to ride over them. My eyes are so constituted that I can never see the nature of a fence. I either follow some one, or ride at it with the full conviction that I may be going into a horse-pond or a gravel-pit. I have jumped into both one and the other. I am very heavy and have never ridden expensive horses."

"The cause of my delight in the amusement," he confesses, "I have never been able to analyze to my own satisfaction." He arose regularly at 5.30 a.m., had his coffee brought him by a groom, had completed his "literary work" before he dressed for breakfast; then on four working days a week he toiled for the General Post Office, and on the other two rode to hounds. In all kinds of spare time—in railway-carriages or crossing to America—he had always a pen in his hand, a pad of paper on his knee, or on a cabin table specially constructed.

As he sets it all down, with parenthetical advice to the literary tiro, it is all as simple, apparently, as a cash account. But don't you believe it! The man who created the Barsetshire novels lived quite as intimately with his theme as Dickens did in "David Copperfield"; nay, more intimately. To begin with, his imaginary Barsetshire is as definitely an actual piece of England as Mr. Hardy's Wessex. Of "Framley Parsonage" he tells us that:—

"as I wrote it I became more closely than ever acquainted with the new shire which I had added to the English counties. . . . I had it all in my mind—its roads and railroads, its towns and parishes, its members of Parliament and the different hunts that rode over it. I knew all the great lords and their castles, the squires and their parks, the rectors and their churches. This was the fourth novel of which I had placed the scene in Barsetshire, and as I wrote it I made a map of the dear county. Throughout these stories there has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I know all the accessories, as though I had lived and wandered there."

Here Trollope asserts less than one-half of his true claim. He not only carried all Barsetshire in his brain as a map, with every cross-road, by-lane, and footpath noted—Trollope was great at cross-roads, having as an official reorganized, simplified, and speeded-up the postal service over a great part of rural England—but knew all the country houses, small or great, of that shire, with their families, pedigrees, intermarriages, political interests, monetary anxieties, the rise and fall of interdependent squires, parsons, tenants; how a mortgage, for example, will influence a character, a bank-book set going a matrimonial intrigue, a transferred bill operate on a man's sense of honour. You seem to see him moving about the Cathedral Close in "very serviceable suit of black," or passing the gates and lodge of a grand house in old hunting-pink like a very wise solicitor on a holiday: garrulous, to be sure, but to be trusted with any secret—to be trusted most of all, perhaps, with that secret of a maiden's love which as yet she hardly dares to avow to

herself. Here let us listen to the late Frederic Harrison, who puts it exactly:—

"The Barsetshire cycle of tales has one remarkable feature; for it is designed [I should prefer to say that it grew.—Q] on a scheme which is either a delightful success or a tiresome failure. And it is a real success. To fill eight volumes in six distinct tales with the intricate relations of one set of families, all within access to one cathedral city, covering a whole generation in time, and exhibiting the same characters from youth to maturity and age—this is indeed a perilous task. . . . Balzac and Zola abroad have done this, and with us Scott, Thackeray, Lytton, and Dickens have in some degree tried this plan. But, I think, no English novelist has worked it out on so large a field, with such minute elaboration, and with such entire mastery of the many dilemmas and pitfalls which beset the competitor in this long and intricate course."

It is a strange reflection—as one turns the advertisement pages of the "Times," of "Country Life," and scans the photographs of innumerable "stately homes" to-day on the market—that Trollope's fame should be reviving just as the society he depicted would seem to be in process of deracination. I use the word "deracination" because that society—with all its faults, stunted offshoots, gnarled prejudices, mossed growth of convention, parasitic ivies—was a tree of ancestry rooted in the countryside, not to be extracted save by wrenching of fibres and with bleeding of infinite homely ties. To some extent, no doubt, this sorrowful dislocation must follow all long wars. A hundred years ago Cobbett rode our land and noted how its true gentry, as a reward for their very sacrifices during the Napoleonic struggle, were being dispossessed by bankers and "loan-mongers." So, to-day, are decent families, who, while "thinking too much of themselves," thought much for their neighbours, being uprooted and exiled, and taking into lodgings a few portraits, some medals, and the last framed piece of vellum conferring posthumously a D.S.O. These times, at any rate, do not "strike monied worldlings with dismay." On the contrary, the war-profiteer and the week-ender with his golf-clubs are smothering the poor last of the society that Trollope knew; and in time, no doubt, *their* sons will go to Eton and Winchester, learn in holidays the old English love of field and stream and sea, and so prepare themselves in a generation or two to cast off life at earliest call simply because this England, to which they have succeeded, has come to be, in *their* turn, *their* country. Thus it will go on again (please Heaven) as the father's hair wears off the grandson's hoof.

The fortunes and misfortunes of Trollope's comfortable England have always this element of the universal, that they are not brought about by any devastating external calamity, but always by process of inward rectitude or inward folly, reasonably operating on the ordinary business of life. In this business he can win and keep our affection for an entirely good man—for Mr. Harding, for Doctor Thorne. In all his treatment of women, even of the *jeune fille* of the Victorian age, this lumbering, myopic rider-to-hounds always (as they say) "has hands"—and to "have hands" is a gift of God. He was, as Henry James noted, "by no means destitute of a certain saving grace of coarseness," but it is forgotten on the instant he touches a woman's pulse. Over that, to interpret it, he never bends but delicately. No one challenges his portraits of the maturer ladies. Mrs. Proudie is a masterpiece, of course, heroically consistent to the moment of her death—nay, living afterwards consistently in her husband's qualified regrets (can anything be truer than the tragedy told with complete restraint in chapters 66 and 67 of "The Last Chronicle"?). Lady Lufton's portrait, while less majestic, seems to me equally flawless, equally flawless. Trollope's women can all show

claws on occasion; can all summon "that sort of ill-nature which is not uncommon when one woman speaks of another"; and the most, even of his maidens, betray sooner or later some glance of that *malice* upon the priestly calling, or rather upon its pretensions, which Trollope made them share with him:—

"Ah! yes; but Lady Lufton is not a clergyman, Miss Roberts."

"It was on Lucy's tongue to say that her ladyship was pretty nearly as bad, but she stopped herself."

Difference of time and convention and pruderies allowed for, Trollope will give you in a page or so of discourse between two Victorian maidens—the whole of it delicately understood, chivalrously handled, tenderly yet firmly revealing the secret as no novelist has quite revealed it before or since. At any moment one may be surprised by a sudden Jane Austen touch; and this will come with the more startling surprise, being dropped by a plain, presumably blunt, man. For Trollope adds to his strain of coarseness, already mentioned, a strain—or at least an intimate understanding—of cheapness. His gentle breeding and his upbringing (poverty-stricken though it had been) ever checked him on the threshold of the holies. But he had toiled too many years in the G.P.O. to have missed intimate acquaintance with

"The noisy chaff
And ill-bred laugh
Of clerks on omnibuses."

Those who understand this will understand why he could not bring himself to mate his "dear Lily Dale" with that faithful, most helpful, little bounder Johnny Eames. He knew his Johnny Eames as well as he knew the Stanhope family, to introduce it upon the Cathedral Close of Barchester. He walks among rogues, too, and wasters, with a Mr. Sowerby or a Bertie Stanhope, as sympathetically as among bishops, deans, archdeacons, canons. His picture of Sowerby and the ruin he has brought on an ancient family, all through his own sins, is no less and no more truthful than his picture of Mr. Proudie in altercation with Mr. Slope; as they both are inferior in imaginative power to the scene of Mr. Crawley's call on the Bishop. In the invention of Crawley, in his perfect handling of that strong and insane mind, I protest that I am astonished almost as though he had suddenly shown himself capable of inventing a King Lear. In this Trollope, with whom one has been jogging along under a slowly growing conviction that he is by miles a greater artist than he knows or has ever been reckoned, there explodes this character—and out of the kindest intentions to preach him up, one is awakened in a fright and to a sense of shame at never having recognized the man's originality or taken the great measure of his power.

NOR IRON BARS.

By T. F. POWYS.

MR. JOSEPH TURVEY had never been much noticed in Chalkly. He made hurdles in the woods, and bound into faggots the undergrowth that was not suited to hurdles. Mrs. Turvey was by no means more interesting either than other people, she would wear a white apron and stand in her cottage doorway to watch for the baker exactly like any other woman.

When Mr. Turvey's steps were heard coming from the woods some inquisitive voice might inquire: "Who be that going by?" And the one who had seen would merely say: "Only Turvey." And this "only Turvey" always deadened further inquiry.

The Rev. Charles Millwood would sometimes nod to him or perhaps say, "I want you to bring me one or

two hurdles, Turvey, to put in my hedge where the boys broke it down at the school treat."

If John Card, the carter, or Jim Burge, who dealt in hay, were talking politics by the village wall, they would let Turvey go by without even saying good-evening to him.

Life was often dull in Chalkly, and the clouds hung heavy, and the west wind used to blow wildly and scatter the dead leaves about.

The west wind blew when Farmer Dick set fire to a heap of dry straw only to see, for mere amusement, how it would burn. Whether the wind wished to help the farmer to amuse himself, I do not know, but as soon as he had lit the fire it began to blow from the east, and, while Mr. Dick watched idly, the fire ran along, as fire will run sometimes, to the corn stacks and set light to them. Before Mr. Dick turned to go home, for he had no mind to incriminate himself in the matter, he noticed that Joseph Turvey was resting near to the stacks of corn with Mr. Millwood's hurdles upon his back.

Farmer Dick told the police that Joseph had once wished him in Hell, a place, he said, where fire was, so beyond doubt it was Turvey who tried to raise Hell-fire upon earth, by setting light to his corn.

Turvey was accused of arson, committed for trial, found guilty, and sent to prison for six months in the county gaol.

Weeks and days go by even to one in prison, and when the iron bars were opened to let out Joseph Turvey the time seemed to him to have gone only too quickly. He expected to resume at once his old unnoticed state as soon as he was left on the town side of the great gates.

But a surprise awaited Mr. Turvey outside. An elderly gentleman, whose life was spent in doing good works, came up and shook him warmly by the hand and took him to the travellers' rest to give him a dinner. Joseph talked as fast as he ate about the fine times that he had had within the gates, being pleased to find so ready a listener as the old gentleman was, who shook his hand again when he had finished and wished him a new life.

"You will never do anything wrong again, will you?" the old gentleman remarked in a kind tone. Mr. Turvey thought of a hurdle that he had once made with too green wood, and he said, "No."

Mr. Balliboy was the Chalkly carrier; he drove a horse and van until motors began to come so much into use, and then he bought one, paying for it in instalments. Mr. Balliboy drove his car carefully and slowly, because he knew that his customers paid their two shillings so that they might have a good talking time upon the road.

In the past Mr. Turvey had sometimes ridden to the town in this way, though always sitting at the back of the car, where old bags and boxes were put.

Mr. Balliboy was wont to call out, "Hand me that bag, Turvey," and Joseph would grope about for what was wanted.

The best seat in the van was beside Mr. Balliboy, where you could look out at the country and also hear what was being said inside. This seat Mr. Balliboy always kept for people of note. A clergyman might be sitting there, or an undertaker, but when Joseph Turvey came to the van the day he left prison he saw that this seat was empty.

He was trying to squeeze in between Mrs. Card and Mrs. Burge, when Mr. Balliboy touched his arm and invited him to sit in the front seat. When they were once safely started Mr. Balliboy asked Turvey to take off his hat so that he might see how his hair was cut.

Joseph did as he was asked, and rubbed his cropped head with his hands. Everyone in the car pronounced the sort of "Oh!" that simple people say when a great rocket goes off. Mr. Balliboy then asked Joseph what he had to eat for breakfast in there, as though he were asking the Prime Minister what sort of tie he wore when he visited the King at London. There was such a silence in the car when Joseph said "White bread and porridge," that he thought all the folk must have fallen asleep, until, on peeping round the curtain, he saw that they were all looking at him.

Mrs. Card spoke the next, asking her question very meekly as though she were half afraid to speak to so great a hero.

"Would you tell me, Mr. Turvey," she said, "who do do the waashing for they prisoners?"

Mr. Turvey replied that though he had walked about the garden on more than one occasion, yet he had never seen any clothes hung about on the bushes. Mrs. Card relapsed into a thoughtful silence.

There was quite a little crowd of new questioners waiting for the motor-van when it arrived at Chalkly. There was Jim Burge, who inquired whether any hay was ever made of the green grass that grew inside the prison gates, and then Farmer Dick came forward and shook Joseph by the hand and asked what kind of cheese they ate in prison. "The best," replied Mr. Turvey.

On his way to the cottage where he lived, Mr. Turvey was followed by other questioners, each wishing to know something, so that Joseph was quite glad to reach his home and to see Mrs. Turvey standing with her white apron on in the doorway. She received her husband in a becoming manner, as though he had been away to foreign parts and was returned with many a tale of his adventures in his head that would take half a year of tea-time conversations to get out of him.

She contented herself that evening by asking who brushed his Sunday clothes, and whether he was allowed a knife to eat his dinner with. "They didn't hit you, did they?" she inquired. To such simple questions Mr. Turvey could only reply that "he had lived like a gentleman."

On the Sunday after his return, Mr. Turvey went to church with his wife.

The Litany was read, and when the words came "for all prisoners and captives," the people all looked round at Mr. Turvey.

After the service was over Mr. Millwood called him into the vestry, and, taking him by the arm, he whispered into his ear: "I am most anxious to know, Joseph, what sort of preaching you got in there on a Sunday."

Mr. Turvey stepped to the vestry door and looked up the little aisle of Chalkly Church that had just emptied itself of the people. "At our town church," he said slowly, "the organ be played, an' the sermon be preached, not spoken."

And now, when Joseph Turvey went to his work in the wood, people would notice him. If he came by when John Card and Jim Burge were talking politics, they would stop a dispute as to whether local option meant more rates or less taxes, and inquire of Joseph what he used to eat for his week-day dinner.

"Oh," Turvey would reply off-handedly, "I can't mind all the sorts of butchers' meat, but 'twere all prime joints."

"Pudding!" inquired Mr. Card.

"Don't talk to I of pudding," replied Joseph, "for at Christmas time we did have one like a haystack with green holly sprouting."

After a year was passed there was nothing left for Joseph to tell. And by degrees, as time went on, and Turvey went to his work and made his hurdles as he had always done, the glamour of his visit to the prison died down, until Mr. Millwood would merely say if he happened to meet him: "I would like a dozen faggots in a week's time, please, Turvey." If he went to town now in Mr. Balliboy's car, he was expected to take the back seat that he had aforesaid used, and Jim Burge and John Card would decide in a friendly manner that a Communist was a man who "attended communion," without seeing Joseph at all if he came by.

One Christmas eve Joseph Turvey returned from his work in the woods in a sad humour. He had begun to grow thin and melancholy. Even the children had ceased to call out after him, and he had sunk down again to his old unnoticed state.

Coming near to his own door, he saw his wife with her apron on looking out into the road and taking the approach of her husband as a matter of course.

"They Christmas taties be getting cold," Mrs. Turvey called out, looking at the smoke that was coming from her neighbour's chimney.

Joseph Turvey walked past his house; he decided that he must, by some means or other, bring back to himself his lost glory.

He walked on till he came to Mr. Dick's corn stacks. He struck a match and applied it to the corn.

There was a nice frosty wind blowing, and the stacks were all ablaze in a moment. Mr. Turvey looked around; he could see no one beside himself who could lay claim to having lit such a fine fire.

He stood in the road and wondered; he wondered whether he would reach gaol in time for the great Christmas pudding.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA.

THE Private View of the Royal Academy is not an occasion for passing æsthetic judgments. One thousand five hundred and sixty-three works of art are, it is true, exhibited, but on Friday the 2nd these were sliced into innumerable segments by the moving bodies of perhaps twice that number of well-dressed and distinguished human beings. The mind was perpetually jerked from art to life, and from life back again to the hollyhock, the polar bear, and the death-bed. There is, of course, less division between art and life at Burlington House than elsewhere. H.M. the King, Lord Milner, and the Princess Bibesco, as depicted by Mr. Sims, Sir William Orpen, and Mr. John, inevitably recall the glories of our blood and State rather than suggest reflections upon form in the abstract. At the Private View one tends to glance at the pictures as one turns the pages of an amplified and highly coloured illustrated newspaper devoted to the celebration of the British Empire in the persons of its generals, admirals, doctors, illustrious dead, inimitable fox-hounds, noblemen in orders, duchesses in jewels, and English squires upon English hacks. As a compliment to ourselves it is magnificent. As a contribution to art it requires a more serious and detailed examination than the private viewer can give.

If one can trust the evidence of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters (who are now holding their twenty-ninth annual exhibition at the Arlington Gallery, 22, Old Bond Street), the art of miniature painting is dead. It has been killed, presumably, and its place usurped, by the photography which its modern devotees so slavishly imitate. For these miniatures displayed here can serve no other purpose than as alternatives to the

photograph, and can only claim the dignified title of "art," in that they are "done by hand." Engleheart, Cosway, and other eighteenth-century artists were able to exalt miniature painting in this country into a legitimate branch of art only by the perfection of their technique and the remarkable delicacy and life of their work, but in these modern miniatures the technique is either slapdash and unskilful or woolly, the colour crude or cloyingly luscious, the whole work uninspired and dull. There are many exhibits here also which can hardly be termed miniatures at all, except on account of their minute size—little landscapes in oils, flower-pieces and fruit-pieces, and ingenious little water-colours.

There is a good deal of very charming work at the first exhibition of the Society of Print-Makers, at the St. George's Gallery (George Street, Hanover Square). The members of this society (most of whose names are also associated with the Modern English Water-colour Society) are painters who, according to the foreword of their catalogue, "use the various methods of Engraving, Etching, and Lithography, as additional, but not less valuable means of expression." Their aim is to produce prints which have real artistic value in themselves, apart from mere technical skill, which seems to be the sole object of the majority of contemporary work of this kind, and their efforts are justified by considerable success. Mr. John Nash, in his woodcuts, has a real feeling for his medium, and adapts his designs admirably to it; his "Cyclamen" (15) and "Landscape" (16) are really good. Mr. Maresco Pearce shows etchings, mostly of café interiors, in which delicacy of line is not swamped by terrific contrasts of light and shade: the etchings by Mr. Ethelbert White, also, are careful and restrained in their workmanship. There are striking lithographs and woodcuts by Mr. Edward Wadsworth, whose style is well adapted to these forms of expression, and by Mr. Paul Nash.

The Jew who is dragged by the heels into modern fiction and drama is often a very flabby outline: the real thing is presented by the Yiddish Art Theatre of America at the Scala Theatre. It would be unwise to forgo the satisfaction of seeing extraordinarily fine acting on the score of not knowing the language. Undoubtedly, much is lost by a failure to understand the dialogue in detail, but a knowledge of German supplies a key, a full synopsis of the plays is included in the programme, and the genius of the actors overrides every obstacle. It is worth going very far to see Bina Abramowitz as Golda, the Jewish mother, in "Tevye the Dairyman." She makes the transports of happy maternal love, which might have been absurd, beautiful, and the grief over the lost daughter, sustained through two long scenes, and culminating in her sinking to the ground and removing her shoes in mourning, almost unbearable. Hers is a superb performance. While she is on the stage she lives, and when she does not appear the audience not only learns but knows that she has died. Maurice Swartz as Tevye, the Ukrainian peasant, and Anna Appel and Bertha Gerston as the two daughters are also extremely good.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, May 10. Joseph Szigeti, Violin Recital, at 3.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Sunday, May 11. "A Marriage of Inconvenience," Repertory Players, at the Aldwych.

Monday, May 12. "The Yeomen of the Guard," at Princes.

"Toni," at the Shaftesbury.

Harold Samuel, Six Bach Recitals, each day until Saturday, May 17, alternately at 8.30 and 3.15, at Æolian Hall.

Emilie Lancel, Song Recital, at 8.15, at Steinway Hall.

Dr. C. G. Jung on "Analytical Psychology," at 8, at Mortimer Street Hall.

Tuesday, May 13. W. G. Constable on "The History of Decorative Painting in England: The Nineteenth Century," at 5.30, at University College, Gower Street.

Bach Choir, Mass in B Minor, at 8, at Central Hall, Westminster.

Wednesday, May 14. Goossens Chamber Concert, at 5.15, at Æolian Hall.

Thursday, May 15. "White Cargo," at the Playhouse.

Friday, May 16. Handel Society, Choral and Orchestral Concert, at 8.15, at Queen's Hall.

Maggie Teyte, Song Recital, at 3, at Æolian Hall.

OMICRON.

POETRY

YESTERDAY.

SWEET was my childish life to me
Like the first spring dream of a hawthorn tree . . .
Every night an ancient crone
Crooked, silver-flowered as a thorn,
Came as quietly as the moon
Through the frosty night, with her old lantern,
And put my childish self to bed
With all the dreams that nest in my head.
And the moon's shadows were silvery seen
As hawthorn blossoms, perfumed flowers
The glamour of beauty that never has been—
With petals falling through the night hours;
And as the old crone spoke to me
Night seemed a flowering Chinese wave
That bore me to each cloudy cave
Where there are mysteries none may see,—
In far Thibet and Persia; words
Grew into lands unknown, where birds
Were singing in an unknown tongue
Of loveliness for ever young.
Then in the morning an aged sage
Tall and thin as a cloudy cage
Came, and we looked below at the eaves
Where cool airs float like lotus leaves
And the crystal grass-blades of the rain
Trembling grow to music again.
He said, "We are wingless, can only infer
What even the smallest birds can see.
Outside in their nests they begin to be,—
A spark of fire, and grass-like frondage
In crystal eggs as hard as the air. . . .
They break, as instinct from earth-bondage
When man was sightless, before thoughts were.
And the music that birds know, to me is unheard
Though my head seems the egg of an extinct bird
And my hair seems the crystal grass-blades of the rain
Upon the forlorn blue cliffs of the Day
Trembling and growing to music again.
But my heart still dreams that the warmth of spring
Will stir in its thickets, begin to sing
In the lonely crystal egg of my head—
Though it seems all the lovely wings are dead
And only pity and love are left
In my wintry heart, of its wings bereft."

Though I am lonely now and old,
Those rare birds with their strange songs bless
My heart with spring's warm loveliness,—
It never withered grows nor cold.
For the unfledged thoughts within my brain
Sing in their sad and wintry nest,
Singing their loveliest, singing their best
Of a world that is yet undreamt, unborn,
Where never a shade is of cruelty or scorn—
Those wild birds sing in an unknown tongue
Of blossoming worlds for ever young!

EDITH SITWELL.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LAWYERS AND CRIMINALS

I HAVE recently read three books about crime which, though different from one another, illumine one another and the subject of law and crime. The first which I read was "Famous Crimes and Criminals," by C. L. McCluer Stevens (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.). This is not a very good book; it gives in succession the stories of various famous crimes and criminals; and Mr. Stevens has made a good selection, mixing in the strange "Princess Caraboo" and the case of W. K. Thomson, who tried to blow up the "Mosel," with such old friends as Jim the Penman and Stinie Morrison, but somehow or other his accounts too often just misfire. I think that the modern habit of crowding into a single book a vast number of stories about crimes and criminals is really a mistake. A very different book is "Judgment of Death," by E. Bowen-Rowlands (Collins, 15s.). This is a serious work on capital punishment, and raises the whole question of crime and punishment. Again I must say that I do not think that this is a good book. It is well worth reading because of the information which is scattered through its pages, but it gives me the impression of being written by a man who knows a great deal about his subject, but whose mind has the fatal habit of "going all over the place."

The third book is "Seventy-two Years at the Bar. A Memoir," by E. Bowen-Rowlands (Macmillan, 18s.); and it has not, so far as I have seen, received anything like the praise which it deserves. It is a memoir of Sir Harry Bodkin Poland, and is written as a series of conversations between the biographer and biographee. Mr. Bowen-Rowlands is an uncommonly artistic reporter, and his memoir is a very different thing from the rather pompous, unilluminating record of an eminent man's professional life which the ordinary biographer gives us. Sir Harry Poland, who is still alive at the age of ninety-five, was, as most people know, Senior Counsel to the Treasury at the Central Criminal Court—the "Sleuthhound of the Treasury"—the Counsel whose duty it was to conduct the case for the Crown against innumerable persons accused of crime. The conversations which Mr. Bowen-Rowlands reports for us were largely concerned with cases in which Sir Harry prosecuted, with the unfortunate (or abominable?) creatures who stood before him in the dock, and with the strange stories of the crimes which they committed or were alleged to have committed. Then there are a good many *obiter dicta* on law and life and society, anecdotes about famous and obscure lawyers, and a quantity of legal jokes of which, perhaps, the full flavour can only be properly appreciated by a member of the Bar.

It would be possible to say a good deal about the merits of this book from the point of view of biography, for it certainly leaves one with an exceptionally vivid vision of the characters of both Sir Harry Poland and of Mr. Bowen-Rowlands. But at the moment I am fascinated by another subject. I turn to the portrait reproduced at the beginning of the volume; it is signed "Harry B. Poland," and at one corner is the name of C. Vandyk, Ltd., photographers, and at the other the name of Emery Walker. All three names deserve to be recorded, for they have combined to produce a masterpiece. I return again and again to this photograph and gaze at it much as, I imagine, small, hypnotized birds gaze into the eyes of gigantic snakes. It has ceased to be for me

the portrait of Sir Harry Poland, and has become a great symbolic picture to which I would give the title "Portrait of the Criminal Law of England in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries." I wish that I could describe and interpret this picture as Pater interpreted "La Gioconda" of Leonardo, explaining to you how you can see in the stern mouth and in the eyes, which at first sight seem blind or dead, but are really terribly awake and astute, that LAW which is older than the Bench upon which it sits and, "like the vampire has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave." But the task is beyond my powers, and I can only recommend you to get hold of the book yourself and gaze at the picture until you have learnt from it those secrets of the Law, of Crime, and of the Grave.

* * *

These books, and particularly Mr. Bowen-Rowlands's, have revealed one of those strange secrets to me. Sir Harry Poland was notoriously one of the most honourable and scrupulously just of all criminal lawyers; he is the type of the best traditions of the English Bar. Yet, as I listen to him talking to Mr. Bowen-Rowlands, although I can honestly say that I have never committed a crime, felony, or even a misdemeanour for which a judge would sentence me to a day's imprisonment, I can feel the rope about my neck and the cold shivers down my back. After reading a few pages of these lawyers' conversation, my sympathies and antipathies become perverted; I feel more horror of the LAW than of the wretched Wainwright who murdered Harriet Lane, or of even the ghoulis Stauntons. And the reason, I think, is this. To Sir Harry Poland the LAW is a religion, and the laws are a Bible. Listen to Mr. Bowen-Rowlands:—

"He accepted them (the tests of insanity in law that were laid down in MacNaghten's case) with finality; it was idle to speculate whether they were proper tests or not. If he had to pronounce upon their propriety he would compare them with the facts of law. If the opinions of the alienists prevailed, and the proper basis of comparison was medicine and not law, then there was an end of Judge and Jury and the beginning of a chaotic dispensation by fanciful decrees of theorists. That would never do. The law was the law. It might be composite in detail, but in essentials any tampering with the rule of law was a *pro tanto* weakening of the supports of the State. And the law was not a thing of subjective idea. It was objective fact; intention, will, mind, all such terms have any number of meanings; but they had only one for lawyers—and that had been established by the wisdom of their fathers. He knew what it was. That was enough."

For Mr. Bowen-Rowlands that attitude of mind is wholly admirable; for me, I must confess, it sends the cold shivers down my back, for I remember "tantum religio potuit suadere malorum," and the spirit of the Pharisees who said that "the law was the law, and they knew what it was and that was enough," as they watched Christ on the Cross, and the spirit of the Inquisitors who said that "the law was the law, and they knew what it was and that was enough," as they burned the heretics alive, and the spirit of the great lawyer Lord Ellenborough, who, little more than a hundred years ago, said that "the law was the law, and he knew what it was and that was enough," as he told the House of Lords that it would be a weakening of the supports of the State and the beginning of chaos if the penalty for stealing to the value of five shillings in a shop were not death.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.

The Journal of George Fox. A Revised Text Prepared and Edited by NORMAN PENNEY, F.S.A. With an Introduction by RUFUS M. JONES, LL.D. With Etchings. (Dent. 5s.)

WE hail this new and somewhat compressed edition of George Fox's Journal with gratitude and a great curiosity. It is, even when compressed, a long book, and though here and there it contains passages of much interest, spiritually and socially, and from beginning to end reveals a character fundamentally healthy and beautifully sincere, it cannot truthfully be called a bewitching volume, or one that holds you in its grasp. How, we cannot help wondering, will it strike the readers of to-day?

Fox's Journal first saw the light in 1694, in a stout folio of six hundred and thirty-two pages, and was seen through the press, and doubtless somewhat "edited," by Thomas Ellwood, Milton's friend, to whom, so it is said, we owe "Paradise Regained." The title-page runs as follows:—

"A Journal or Historical Account of the Life, Travels, Sufferings, Christian Experiences, and Labour of Love in the Work of the Ministry of that Ancient, Eminent, and Faithful Servant of Jesus Christ, Who departed this Life in great Peace with the Lord, the 13th of the 11th month, 1690. And they that turn many to Righteousness, shall stand as the Stars for ever and ever.—Dan. 12. 3. 'Many shall run to and fro, and Knowledge shall be Encreased.—Verse 4. 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.'—2 Tim. 2. 12."

The Journal cannot be said to have had a great sale, for though the Folio was occasionally reprinted, it was only the eighth edition that appeared in 1891, the Bicentenary of Fox's death. John Wesley seems never to have heard of it; and it may be said, with as much safety as such things ever can be said, that outside the community with the foundation of which Fox had so much to do, the Society of Friends, it has never been widely read. To compare the Journal with a book of such world-wide circulation and influence as the "Confessions of St. Augustine" is ridiculous.

In 1855 George Fox fell into the hands of Macaulay, who handled him almost as roughly as ever did the mob, declaring him to be a man of perverse temper, with the education of a labourer, and with an intellect "in the most unhappy of all states, that is to say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam." Macaulay goes on to say that if we were to give our judgment of George Fox simply by looking on his actions and writings, we should see no reason for placing him morally or intellectually above Ludowick Muggleton or Joanna Southcott. Macaulay accounts for Fox's success in founding the Society of Friends by the fact that he succeeded in "infecting" with his enthusiasm a few persons like Barclay and Penn, who polished his doctrines into a form "somewhat less shocking to good sense and good taste"; and he attributes this strange aberration on the part of scholars and gentlemen to that same inquisitive restlessness that has led others in later days to take refuge in "the bosom of a Church that pretends to infallibility," and, after questioning the existence of a Deity, bring themselves "to worship a wafer."

Thus far the "unabashed" T. B. M., writing in the later years of the Tractarian Movement!

This judgment can no longer be cited with any degree of confidence, and in April, 1889, Professor Huxley was found declaring in the columns of the "Contemporary Review" that passages "of great beauty and power" are to be discovered in Fox's writings shapeless as they are; whilst quite lately a collateral descendant of Macaulay's is advertised as certifying that Fox's Journal is one of the most moving autobiographies in that very language which his great-uncle declared Fox never knew, namely his own.

Still, it is never wise to put Lord Macaulay altogether on one side, for he had the happy knack of reading the books he criticized, and of remembering their contents; whilst it is sometimes a little difficult to feel sure that the living eulogists of folio volumes enjoy the same familiarity.

However, Messrs. Dent have come to our rescue, and by placing this well-printed volume within our reach (a crown octavo, not a folio), have made it possible for all to discover for themselves what manner of book this Journal of George

Fox can prove itself to be. If it is readable, it will be read. If not, not.

One thing is now plainer than it was in 1855. George Fox is a piece of English history. There he was, from 1642 to 1691, a live man, in leather breeches, moving about all over England and Wales, in Scotland, in Ireland, in the West Indies and North America, and in Holland, testifying, wherever he went, to the spirit of God, and when he came to die "in the peace of the Lord" a vast concourse followed him to his grave.

Augustus De Morgan, in that fascinating book of his, "A Budget of Paradoxes," first collected in 1872, gets nearer the mark than Macaulay. He says (p. 245):—

"It is worthy of note how very different have been the fates of two contemporary paradoxers, Muggleton and Fox. The followers of Fox have made their sect an institution, and deserve to be called the pioneers of philanthropy. But though there must still be Muggletonians, since expensive books are published by those who take the name, no such sect is known to the world. . . . Macaulay says it was because Fox found followers of more sense than himself. . . . But why did Fox find such followers and not Muggleton? The two were equally crazy, to all appearances, and the difference required must be sought in the doctrines themselves. Fox was not a rational man, but the success of his sect and doctrines entitles him to 'a letter of alteration in the phrase' and to be called 'a national man.'"

Fox was pre-eminently one of the national men of the seventeenth century in the same way as was Wesley in the eighteenth. To cut out or reduce to a meagre paragraph the lives and exploits of either of these great forces would be as absurd as striking out the name of Laud or Locke.

It suddenly occurs to us that some young reader of this edition of Fox's Journal may need to be told that in 1838 there appeared a few hundred copies of a book called "Sartor Resartus," the composition of a "delirious mystic," known (after a bit) as Thomas Carlyle, and that the first chapter of the Third Book contains a rhapsody on George Fox, which, if Macaulay chanced to see, may have laid the coping stone of his subsequent conviction that Carlyle was as mad as George Fox.

This is a puzzling world, and the only lesson we all alike can learn from it is that we must put up with one another, and try our best to remember that very few of our judgments are worth even recording, and if by any chance they should be "called back," it will probably be to show how absurd they were.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

ARTS AND ART.

The Seven Lively Arts. By GILBERT SELDES. (Harper. \$4.)

ALL those who in their study of the post-war mind have gone far enough to realize that young Europe—young Latinity especially—has come under American influence, and want now to know just what that influence is, will have to read this book. Luckily for them it is extremely readable. It is too long and something repetitious, but these are its only serious faults. Europeans inevitably will be tempted to skip those prairies of print studded with utterly unfamiliar names—names of American music-hall performers, paragraph-writers, and comic illustrators. It is a temptation to be resisted: for between the names they will find fresh and acute observations, expressed in lively English, and arguments well considered and honest, not easily to be gainsaid.

Popular music (ragtime, jazz), the Movies, Paragraph-writing, Music-Hall turns of every sort (acrobatics, clowning, tricks), Musical Comedy, Comic Strips, &c., are what Mr. Seldes means by the lively arts. He calls them "minor arts" sometimes, which he should not do, lest they come to be confounded with the moribund arts—potting, weaving, dyeing, furniture, and jewellery making—the crafts, in fact, those chronic invalids of the nineteenth century. With the lively arts Mr. Seldes is admirably equipped to deal, being sensitive, intelligent, well educated, and an American: only an American could have written this book. Only an American could have written with the unaffected gusto without which it would have been a glittering *tour de force*, and, at the same time, with the first-hand knowledge without which it would have been silly. One trembles to think what a Frenchman or an Italian would have made of it. But from modern America come the lively arts, in modern America

they are exploited more efficiently than elsewhere, and of modern America—according to Mr. Seldes—they are the best and most complete expression. Add that by some of the alertest minds in Europe, these lively arts, which are generally recognized as America's contribution, are hailed as the new ingredient which is to vivify Western civilization, and you will perceive that a book of this sort well done—as this one is—must be of interest to all students of the present and future on both sides the Atlantic.

"The Seven Lively Arts" is historical, critical, and enthusiastic; but, mixed in with the history and criticism and buoyed up by the enthusiasm, there is, of course, a thesis. And the thesis is, that the lively arts, *when they are good*, are better than the serious arts, *when they are bad*. That is all. To be right with Mr. Seldes we have only to agree that Mr. Herriman, the genial (using that word at once in the French and English sense) inventor of "Krazy Kat," and Mr. Berlin, and Miss Mills, and the prodigious Fratellini are better than Puccini and Lazlo and Miss Maud Allan and the author of "If Winter Comes." Anyone, therefore, who, misled by an article published some time ago in "The Dial" and reprinted in this book, supposed that Mr. Seldes after reducing me to a puddle was going to step across it and storm the fort of Culture will be grievously disappointed.

There is no storming; only a little sniping. Also, the intellectual and artistic snobs get some knocks. The spectacle of bored snobs sitting out classical concerts strikes Mr. Seldes as supremely ridiculous. I know another not less funny—those refined, intelligent faces amongst the book-makers in the stalls or the blackguards in the gallery of a Music Hall. They are trying so hard, those fastidious intellectuals, to be amused by one fool knocking down another, or by jokes about mothers-in-law and lodgers and coming home drunk. And then how pleasant to hear them, after the entertainment—to curry favour with Jean Cocteau or Tristan Tzara or Mr. Seldes maybe—raving about a saxophone-player or a tumbler in terms which to me would sound slightly hysterical were they leaving a perfect performance of "The Way of the World." . . . Do you know, I think a snob at a classical concert makes less of a fool of himself than a snob at a knock-about show.

When I said that Mr. Seldes had intelligence and sensibility, I deliberately abstained from mentioning what I take to be his highest qualification for the difficult task he has set himself: I kept it for the end. Mr. Seldes has an extraordinarily acute feeling for style. To follow him through his analysis of a subtle Chaplin trick or a Fratellini turn is not only a pleasure but often a revelation, so conscious is he of, so sensitive to, that "style" which is the secret of this sort of perfection. For it is "style," unless I mistake, which makes all the difference between a good "lively artist" and a bad: style is what Irene Castle has and Maud Allan has not, what Ethel Levy used to have and has no more, what the Fratellini have in abundance, what Harry Lauder, with his fine voice, never had. And what else has any of them? One can go further. Mr. Seldes does; incidentally touching on base-ball of which I know nothing. But I know that in cricket of two equally scoring strokes, one being stylishly made gives pleasure, while the other which merely scores runs is merely useful. Very well, if dancers and clowns and acrobats and trick-cyclists are artists, so are base-ball players, cricketers, footballers—*when they have style*. Also, one can wear a suit, pour out tea, or close the door with or without style. What is tact but style in personal relations? With his intense, though half-unconscious, feeling for style, Mr. Seldes has, quite unconsciously I believe, adumbrated an æsthetic.

And it may be true. In the difference between Hobbs cutting for four and Mead scooping to leg for four may lie the beginning of art. Why not? The preoccupation with style, the unpractical desire not only to do the thing, but to do it in a certain way, is, I suppose, the expression of a temperament. Between the tennis-player who wins and the tennis-player whom it is a pleasure to watch manifestly there is a real and important difference. An æsthetic difference? Who can deny it? The difference which, on another plane, and in a higher degree, distinguishes a dog exhaling his misery in lamentable howls from King Lear exhaling his stylishly? I have brought Mr. Seldes to a conclusion. Will he swallow it? Or will he amend the title of his book?

CLIVE BELL.

BRANWELL BRONTË AND "WUTHERING HEIGHTS."

Patrick Branwell Brontë. By ALICE LAW, F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist.S. (Philpot. 6s.)

MISS LAW's book consists of a biographical sketch of Branwell Brontë and an attempt to prove that he, and not Emily, was the author of "Wuthering Heights." It is, therefore, a biography with a thesis, and presents many of the characteristic phenomena of that type of book.

Brontë commentators, textual and biographical, have generally been enthusiastic amateurs, lacking the training, precise methods, and rigid impartiality which are exacted of all reputable commentators on the classics. The biographers have been partizans, generally, with the exception of Leyland, to the prejudice of Branwell. The whole subject is involved in a network of unscientific controversy. Miss Law, while protesting her impartiality, does little to alter this; she is a partizan of Branwell, as others are partizans of Charlotte and Emily. Her biography is an "Eloge," an *éloge* without the irony customary to the form.

The outline of Branwell's life is well known. He was born in 1817; was not strong and was ill-nourished; early showed a taste for poetry and a natural facility for painting; was unsuccessful in attempts to enter the Academy Schools, to make a living as a portrait painter; was afterwards a railway clerk and a tutor. As a tutor in the family of Mr. Robinson, Branwell fell in love with his employer's wife—a woman seventeen years older than himself; he was abruptly dismissed when Mr. Robinson discovered his pretensions, and Branwell's hopes of marrying Mrs. Robinson on her husband's death were blighted by a will under which the lady forfeited her estate if she married again. Branwell's despair, aided by neurasthenia, drink, opium, family reproaches, and a weak constitution, brought him to an early grave at the age of thirty-one.

Miss Law believes that Branwell has been misused by Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Sinclair, Mme. Duclaux, and Mr. Shorter. She says, "His poor life and reputation have been used much as were the bodies of some of the early Christians—tarred with obloquy and burned as a torch to throw a more lurid light on the struggles of his kinsfolk battling in life's arena." She says of his portrait of Emily, that "he has caught the very soul and spirit of his subject, and given her to us in all her Dantesque severity and aloofness, given her to us clothed with all the fatality of a Greek tragic figure, a second Antigone, gazing intently into Eternity." She cites approvingly Mr. Heaton, who, after hearing Branwell "quote pieces from the bard of Avon, from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Byron," thought "his talents were of a very exalted kind." She says of his passion for Mrs. Robinson: "At first his feelings may have been those of a young troubadour towards his queen of love and beauty, a being elevated far beyond his reach." She likens him to a rudderless ship in a storm, and says Charlotte's eyes "darted lightnings of contempt that blasted his soul." And she feels that "Branwell's drink habits" meant that "he was fond of conviviality, which at times—but only at times—ran to excess."

The discussion of the authorship of "Wuthering Heights" involves a problem about which there is no decisive and little circumstantial evidence. It is less capable of solution than the arguments about Shakespeare's plays and the "Iliad," though less involved; and is not so paradoxical as M. Pierre Louys's assertion that Corneille wrote Molière's comedies. The main evidence in favour of Emily is that she "produced" the MS. of the novel, written in her own handwriting, when Charlotte decided they ought each to send a novel to a publisher; that the novel was published as the work of "Ellis Bell," which was Emily's *nom de plume*; that Charlotte, though shocked by the book, believed it to be Emily's work, and said so in a preface. There is no evidence that Emily ever denied authorship; but she left nothing to prove it.

In the case for Branwell, the evidence adduced is less precise, but not unimportant. The main argument against him is the poor one that he was a drunkard and an opium-taker, and therefore could not have written a book; what of Verlaine and De Quincey? Much of the "evidence" in Branwell's favour collected by Miss Law is the merest special pleading; for example, she holds that the novel must have been written by a "Latin scholar," because it contains two Latin words and a reference to "Milo." Again, she finds aff

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"air of masculinity" which "hangs over every page" of "Wuthering Heights." But might not the same be said of "Silas Marner"? And how can we make evidence of Miss Law's impression of an "air of masculinity"? On the other hand, it is certain, from a letter of Branwell's, that he had composed at least part of a novel; a Mr. William Dearden asserted that Branwell read to him and Leyland part of a MS. novel that resembled "Wuthering Heights." The evidence of Mr. Edward Sloane only appears on the authority of Dearden; it is therefore merely hearsay, and scarcely admissible. There are, in addition, the undoubted facts that "Wuthering Heights" contains a situation not dissimilar to Branwell's own unhappy love affair, and that a few of the phrases in it are such as Branwell is known to have used elsewhere, in letters or in conversation. But this might be parried by the "contamination" theory of classic philologists. Why should not Emily have turned some of her brother's experience into a novel, and where is the improbability in her using, consciously or unconsciously, phrases he had used? In the same way she could easily have picked up her two Latin words from her father or Branwell. The pro-Emily writers might have to explain, however, what was this novel which Branwell began to write, and what happened to the MS.; still, even if he did write it, that is not sufficient to enable us to say it was "Wuthering Heights." Miss Law finds plausible reasons for Emily's concealing the authorship of the novel from Charlotte during Branwell's life; but, if he were the author, would she not have told Charlotte some time in the period between Branwell's death and her own?

It seems to the present writer that the evidence is not conclusive either way, but on the whole is in favour of Emily. A decision might be arrived at by submitting all the evidence to Sir James Frazer and M. Alfred Croiset.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

MR. BENSON'S MEMORIES.

Memories and Friends. By A. C. BENSON. (Murray. 16s.)

IN order to appreciate Mr. Benson's memories fully one should have been educated at Eton and Cambridge. One should have a settled income. One should have an arm-chair. One should have dined well. In this mood, and in these circumstances nothing can be pleasanter than to hear old stories of old dons; how Austen Leigh, for instance, once spat out a glass of wine at a railway station, which reminds us how very queer his pronunciation was; and so dallying to reminisce by the way, we reach the O. B., of course, and Stuart Donaldson, and divagate to the Cornishes, about whom we have our own favourite story to tell; praise Lady Ponsonby, most vigorous of old ladies; imitate Henry James; recollect Howard Sturgis; and wind up, when we are pleasantly kindled into mild self-approbation by the excellence of our friends, with a few speculations about Rupert Brooke.

What would Rupert Brooke have become if he had lived? But it is significant of Mr. Benson's methods and tastes that Rupert Brooke shoulders his way out of the golden circle in which the rest of his figures move. Mr. Benson is mildly caustic about his poetry: "some of the poems are undeniably ugly . . . some of the love poems are even over-voluptuous." Worse still, "his feet and hands were somewhat large, and set stiffly on their joints; the latter had no expressiveness or grace, and his feet were roughly proportioned and homely." Mr. Benson is far more at his ease in the society of people whose feet are shapely and diminutive, who exist rather than act, who, to quote his own phrase, "give to the artistic and beautiful handling of life and its occasions the energy, the richness of perception, and the settled purpose that more directly practical natures reserve for their professional activities."

The scene that Mr. Benson prefers is a large rambling house, filled with "kindly unemphatic people," whose whims and oddities are not pronounced enough to startle, but offer the appreciative observer hours and hours of delightful entertainment. Over it all he pours and pours endless words. The house is described; the servants are described; the dogs and the carriage horses are described; kindly glances, grave and tender tones are recalled; characters are skillfully

and courteously adumbrated. Mr. Benson is never incisive; the dinner table, or the tea table, or the high table, is always between him and his host to prevent intimacy. But in no other atmosphere could these well-bred, melancholy, distinguished Victorians appear so much at home. As we follow Mr. Benson through this long, loitering journey among pleasant places and charming people, we are irresistibly reminded of another of his stories in another of his books—of an old dog of the Bensons which used to roam the fields open-mouthed, and once a woodcock flew in, and he put the bird gently and apologetically out unhurt. So Mr. Benson has wandered, and the woodcocks have flown in, and he has put them out unhurt, as befits the son of an Archbishop, who was educated at Eton, and lives at Cambridge.

FICTION.

Wandering Stars. By CLEMENCE DANE. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Yesterday. By NORMAN DAVEY. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

FROM the hosts of life's tragedies, Miss Clemence Dane has picked out two for our inspection. Among the lowest ranks of the hierarchy, on that imperceptible margin where farce ends and tragedy begins, is pathetic, irritating, childless, lonely Mrs. Peile.

"The tragedy of everyday life is, in effect, its lack of tragedy, the infinite protraction of its catastrophe. The death of love and lovers in three acts can always quicken the senses; but the love that will not die when the last curtain falls, that continues to cling tenaciously to existence, that will maul and bruise and batter till no outline of its spring shape of beauty remains, till it becomes a mere tentacle of the will and yet still clings in death-grips with its oppressor, that is a death of love in five, ten, fifteen, twenty acts, unsuited to the muse. It becomes a mere suburban movie-show of a thousand households, too common a happening to stir our sympathies or to find a place upon our stage."

At the other end, high up among the Princesses of tragedy, is Damaris Payne; a young actress, full of ideas and stories she could act if someone would write them down for her. She knows a playwright, George Greydon. "He says he'll write me a part some day if I tell him all about her, about the sort of woman I could play. I can't play his women, I can't understand his women. They aren't like real women; they're like Frenchwomen. Do you know what I mean? This woman is in love with three men in her life. I told him that wasn't possible. Love once—love always! Isn't that so, Jimmy? But when I tried to tell him, I couldn't. I was ashamed."

The inevitable happens. She falls in love with Greydon. He writes her the play. She is tongue-tied in real life, but in her acting, she thinks, she will make it all plain to him; her part in the play is that of Hester Peile. And then, man-like, he is busy and doesn't come to the first night. He comes on the third night. "Well, congratulations, and goodbye, Damaris! I'm off to America!" She turns the poor little commonplace tragedy of Hester Peile into farce. Her audience love it, her fame is made. But her soul died on that first night. Her audiences prefer her dead. "You saw to-night the actress she has become. Popular? They adore her. She gives them real tears, you see, turns them on, as she said that day, 'like turning a key in a lock.' Oh yes, plenty of smiles and tears she gives them, why not? The mechanism has been oiled. The oiling will last her time. That's genius, I think, a mechanism that once has been oiled."

Seven years later Greydon comes back. He goes to see Damaris Payne act. He feels "perplexity, discomfort, chill, in the end a shudder. My caviare had turned under my nose to stinking fish. I had the most extraordinary impression of—it's appalling of me to use the word—corruption." He gets into conversation with the occupant of the stall next him. Half with a view to copy he lets him tell him the life-story of Damaris Payne. Bit by bit, protesting all the time, he realizes what he has done, or rather what he has left undone.

"I raced in my mind through my last ten years . . . and it was made very clear to me what I might have done, where I might have triumphed, what I might have possessed. For suddenly all the hidden, not gladly remembered, intimacies of a casual life transformed themselves into sweet and memorable moments. . . . It was Damaris who parched with me that stifling summer in New York, and Damaris who was so grave and reverend with me in the London lion-

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houses at roaring time, and laughed at me, with me, afterwards, as we drove to our hotel. I wiped out boredom, heaviness, and care, and all uncleanness, too, I wiped away. And I worked. How I worked! What great stuff I poured out to Damaris! . . . Ah, well, that was always her business—she could always give me ideas. As I saw now, so clearly, she had always given me my dreams."

He can't wait now he knows, he must go to her at once: "Love her! Marry her! God, for a little happiness!" But it's too late. He can do nothing now. Egotist to the last, he cries out in protest against his fate: "What have I done that this should have happened to me, that she should have happened to me?"

Miss Dane has given a wonderful description of the Egotist's Progress. Greydon is indeed a real person, true to himself in everything he says and does, and exactly the sort of man that brilliant young women break their hearts over. But Damaris Payne is not quite so real. She is a princess of tragedy, not made of common clay. Doubtless there are princesses whose souls are so tender that they die at the first touch of unrequited love, as there are princesses whose bodies are so tender that they feel a pea through a dozen mattresses. But do they exist out of fairy tales? Miss Dane almost convinces one that they do. But not quite. No, not quite!

Mr. Norman Davey's "Yesterday" does not even pretend to be about real life. It is a "Tory Fairy Tale" of the good old days before the war, when Suffragettes tormented Cabinet Ministers, and Home Rule was a burning topic. It is entertaining farce, very amusingly written, with something of the quality of George Birmingham.

F. H.

THE STUDY OF RAW MATERIALS.

Raw Materials and Foodstuffs in the Commercial Policies of Nations. By WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON, Vice-Chairman U.S. Tariff Commission. The American Academy of Political and Social Science. (King. 6s.)

MR. W. S. CULBERTSON is becoming well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an indefatigable worker in the cause of what can only be described as economic disarmament. His latest volume, consisting of material originally prepared for the Institute of Politics meetings at Williamstown last August, deals frankly and impartially with the wide range of topics suggested by its title, from export duties on raw materials, Government monopolies, and "concessions" to "population, migration, and race rivalry," on which there is some especially plain speaking. Mr. Culbertson has the rare merit of combining the equipment and information of the official with the vision and insight of the educator and reformer. His lectures evidently aroused much interest and even criticism, echoes of which from the British representatives are discernible in these pages. They have now been revised in the light of these discussions, and have been supplemented by a number of papers on special subjects, contributed by experts, some of them also U.S. departmental officials. Of these latter the most interesting is the paper on "The Struggle for Petroleum," by Mr. Hornbeck, of the State Department. There is also an admirable brief paper by Mr. Julihn, of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, on "the practical need for international conservation of minerals," illustrated by the special case of manganese. In his concluding paragraphs Mr. Julihn pleads for an international agency to deal with the question of raw materials, and has the courage—for in an official of the richest country of the world it required courage—to raise the question "whether the possession of mineral resources by a nation shall necessarily create an absolute title to them, or whether those resources which constitute the foundations of industry should not be regarded as subject to some measure of international control."

In these days, when so many influences are encouraging us to think of the British Empire as a "possession" of the people of Great Britain and of its natural resources as the predestined raw material for our home industries, these words are good reading. They are characteristic of the spirit of this able, well documented, and enlightened volume, which should earn Mr. Culbertson the gratitude of every student of this most difficult and contentious of all international problems.

ALFRED E. ZIMMERMAN.

THE LION HEART.

Richard the Lion Heart. By KATE NORGATE. (Macmillan. 16s.)

MISS NORGATE (whose name is a guarantee of sober, accurate, and well-documented work) has made a welcome addition to her previous studies of the Angevin kings in this biography of Richard I. She belongs to what may be called (with no derogatory intent) the old school of historians, relying mainly on chronicles and interested mainly in political history; and she is at pains to explain in her preface that her aim is not to tell the history of England during Richard's reign, but to tell the life-story of an adventurous prince. There was room for such a biography. England saw little enough of Richard, who spent his youth at war or at peace in his duchy of Aquitaine, and who as king visited her only twice, once to be crowned and to raise money for his Crusade, and once again, after his captivity in Austria, to raise money for his ransom. Yet in so far as twelfth-century England was a part of Europe, and not a mere hermit crab, clinging to the edge of a world in which the tide of great events swept past her, it was due in the main to this cruel, charming, hot-tempered, chivalrous absentee, who preferred leading a crusade to ruling her. "Be quiet, England is coming," was still the cry with which Saracen mothers threatened their naughty babies in the next generation; and he was England. He wrote himself large over the face of Palestine, where he remains writ large to this day. Because he was once shipwrecked at Ragusa, the representative of Serbia could claim at a meeting in Paris in 1916, "It is not Great Britain who will fail in keeping her promises. Great Britain has known us ever since Richard received our hospitality and built for us a most beautiful church on the spot where our ancestors had saved him from shipwreck on his way back from the Crusade." Absurd, of course, but people will do these things. For all that our modern sense of values may tell us to the contrary, Richard will obstinately remain a national favourite. Men are regrettably slow to admire what they ought to admire, and therefore, though Henry VI. may be good enough for an English saint, he will never be good enough for an English hero. For that they will persist in preferring the Lion Heart, and for a plain enough reason, since he is no mere historical character, but the huge cloudy symbol of a high romance.

The Third Crusade, which was Richard's great achievement, stood at the parting of the ways in the history of the holy wars. He is the typical crusader and the typical feudal monarch, and his world seems equally strange to-day, whether we observe the warring kings and barons in France, or whether we watch beneath the walls of Ascalon. Yet that something called nationalism, to which (Mr. Bernard Shaw would have us believe) Joan of Arc was later to appeal, already showed itself, not, indeed, in any constructively patriotic form, but in the extreme jealousies of French, English, Germans, Pisans, and Genoese in Syria. Gone were the days when men could follow the cross as citizens of one Christendom and when the towers of Jerusalem were more real than the tower of Babel. Even the attitude to the infidel had altered. Richard (like Warwick in "Saint Joan" again) had found in Saladin and Safadin not only men, but his peers in chivalry, hence those exchanges of courtesy with which Scott made such play; and hence, too, that strange proposal that Safadin should wed Richard's own sister Joan, the widowed queen of Sicily, and rule the land with Jerusalem, Acre, Joppa, and Ascalon as her dowry. It is true that Joan was "furious with indignation" (rather naturally), and that the proposal was mere diplomacy to win a delay till the host was ready; but that such a proposal should have been made even in trickery is significant.

It was, indeed, a changing world, though still an essentially mediæval world of chivalry, feudalism, and holy war. The folk who were to change it most may be discerned in Miss Norgate's story, stout burgesses buying charters of freedom for their towns for cash, which lords needed for their crusades ("I would sell London if I could find a bidder," quoth Richard), and Italian merchants setting up their counting-houses in all the conquered cities of the coast. But these are in the drab background; in the brilliant foreground are kings building ramparts with their own hands, armoured knights and fighting troubadours. In the foreground are wooden fortresses, which can be packed up

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and carried on board ship, such as Mategriffon (which was made at Messina to checkmate the Griffons or Greeks); stone fortresses which stand solid, such as Boutavant or "Push-forward," and Gouletot or "Swallow-all," which Richard and Henry built against each other on the Seine, and like the splendid Château Gaillard; siege instruments for undermining or battering down walls or casting stones; all the implements of a warfare long since passed away. In the foreground, too, is Queen Joan's dowry of "a golden table twelve feet long and a foot and a half wide, three golden tripods for sitting at the table, a silken tent large enough for two hundred knights to sit in it together, a hundred first-rate galleys, sixty thousand seams of wheat and the same number of barley and wine, and twenty-four cups and twenty-four dishes of silver or gold." It is a highly coloured world, and Miss Norgate has told its romantic story well, and kept well in the background those soon-to-be-ominous burgesses and merchants, and the miserable peasants whose crops were ravaged when their betters squabbled chivalrously in Normandy and Aquitaine.

EILEEN POWER.

A JUDGE AND SOME TRIALS.

The Drama of the Law. By Judge PARRY. (Fisher Uuwin. 21s.)

It is probable that the records of legal proceedings have never been read by the general public with such avidity as they are to-day. Newspaper reports of the Divorce Court increase in volume, and also in popularity, and no one can say for certain which is the cause and which the effect. Most people seem to be agreed that in either case the result is deplorable. Judge Parry, however, will have none of it. In that half-serious, half-flippant tone which seems to be the mark of the judicial mind when it takes its ease, he advances an amusing defence of the law reports, as a dramatic, stimulating, and healthy kind of reading for the average man. He is moderate. He explains that he is "not urging that all children should be brought up on the 'Newgate Calendar,'" though he himself found it most "satisfying" in his youth. But he does ask why we should consider a story of real life "squalid," and a poet's story a noble tragedy. Is it simply because we live in the same street with the former? If that is so, there is no excuse for our attitude. What should we make of the case of Helen of Troy if the story had come down to us "in the shape of a report in the 'Evening Papyrus' of the sensational divorce case of 'Menelaus v. Menelaus,' Paris co-respondent, as tried in the Probate, Admiralty, and Divorce Division of the High Court of Athens"? Or would it have been an extradition case? Anyhow, if there is "a moving and beautiful lesson" for us in Homer's epic, that lesson would surely be discernible also in prose. But the truth is, as Judge Parry himself admits, that "it's the treatment that does it." If we could send a poet to report a trial—but it would be useless. Fear of the law about "contempt of court" would cramp his style. It would forbid him to point a moral or lay a literary emphasis upon the more elevating aspects of the case. It would tie him down to the squalid details, like any ordinary reporter. Even his sense of humour would be suppressed.

In these breezy little pen pictures of some thirty or so famous cases, there is, however, plenty of humour and dramatic emphasis; for they have the advantage of being written after the event. We are not offended by unpleasant and unimportant details. It is curious, too, how the horror of a murder is softened by the hand of time, as though a crime were less terrible when we know that all the parties to it are long dead. Judge Parry is particularly fond of the eighteenth-century law reports; he enjoys "pulling down these old forgotten volumes and ambling along the paths of judicial wisdom"; but it cannot be said that he is very respectful to his learned predecessors. On the case of Mrs. Foxby, who was condemned to be ducked in the river as a "common scold," but got off on appeal because the prosecution had called her by the wrong Latin word, he remarks: "It must have been a pleasant way of earning

your living to get fees and refreshers for talking through your wig about such utterly futile propositions." Coming down to later times, we have the Tichborne case—"the noblest melodrama ever produced on the stage of our English law-courts"—the cases of Jabez Balfour and Whitaker Wright, the Thaw murder trial in New York—in connection with which Judge Parry makes some strong remarks on the absurdity of submitting the question of insanity to juries—and the famous libel action, "Whistler v. Ruskin," which produced perhaps the most amusing evidence of all. Whistler was the best witness that ever appeared in a law-court; his duel with the Attorney-General was like Bufuz and Sam Weller over again.

One cannot help regretting that Judge Parry has had to make his sketches so short; but as he says himself, "in this cinema world of ours it is the only way."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Social Aspects of Psycho-Analysis. Edited by ERNEST JONES. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.)

This book consists of lectures delivered, under the auspices of the Sociological Society, by Dr. Jones himself, Dr. James Glover, Mr. Flügel, Dr. M. D. Eder, Miss Barbara Low, and Miss Ella Sharpe. They are extremely uneven in value. Dr. Jones and Dr. Glover are very interesting; they show in a temperate and reasonable manner how psycho-analysis may throw light upon man's behaviour as a social animal. Mr. Flügel, on "The Family," and Miss Low, on education, also have something of value to contribute. One cannot say the same for Dr. Eder and Miss Sharpe. Wherever there are two possible explanations of a fact, one psycho-analytical and extravagantly improbable, the other probable but unconnected with psycho-analysis, they press the first upon us with an insistence which the psycho-analyst himself has explained to us. The greatest enemies of psycho-analysis are the unbalanced judgment and indiscriminate enthusiasm of some of its professors.

An Anthology of English Verse. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Collins. 6s. cloth; 8s. 6d. leather.)

Yet another anthology! That is one's first thought, but, as soon as one opens the book, one yields to the unfailing fascination of anthologies. "Who's in, who's out?" Mr. Drinkwater has made his selection, "not for readers who already have an extensive acquaintance with the English poets," but "for those for whom it may be a convenience to find in one volume a small, but representative, selection of English poetry from its beginnings until to-day." All that need be said is that it is a wonderful collection of flowers.

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"A Physician" divides his book into two sections, of which the first deals with prevention of disease and the second with cure. The author claims that it is different from other medical books written for the layman in that its information is given in a "series of consultations with a living personality," and also because it deals with "everything that concerns Health; habits, customs, exercise, baths, music, diet, &c." It is a useful book, for it provides sound advice upon many questions in a readable form.

North Wales. Originally Compiled by M. J. B. BADDELEY and C. S. WARD. Tenth Edition, Revised. Two vols. (Ward & Lock. 6s. each.)

The late Mr. Baddeley's volumes are models of what the guide-book should be, and it is good news that Messrs. Ward & Lock are now incorporating them in their excellent "Tourist Handbooks" series. The North Wales volumes have been for some time unobtainable. They have been now thoroughly revised and make a most valuable and handy guide-book.

